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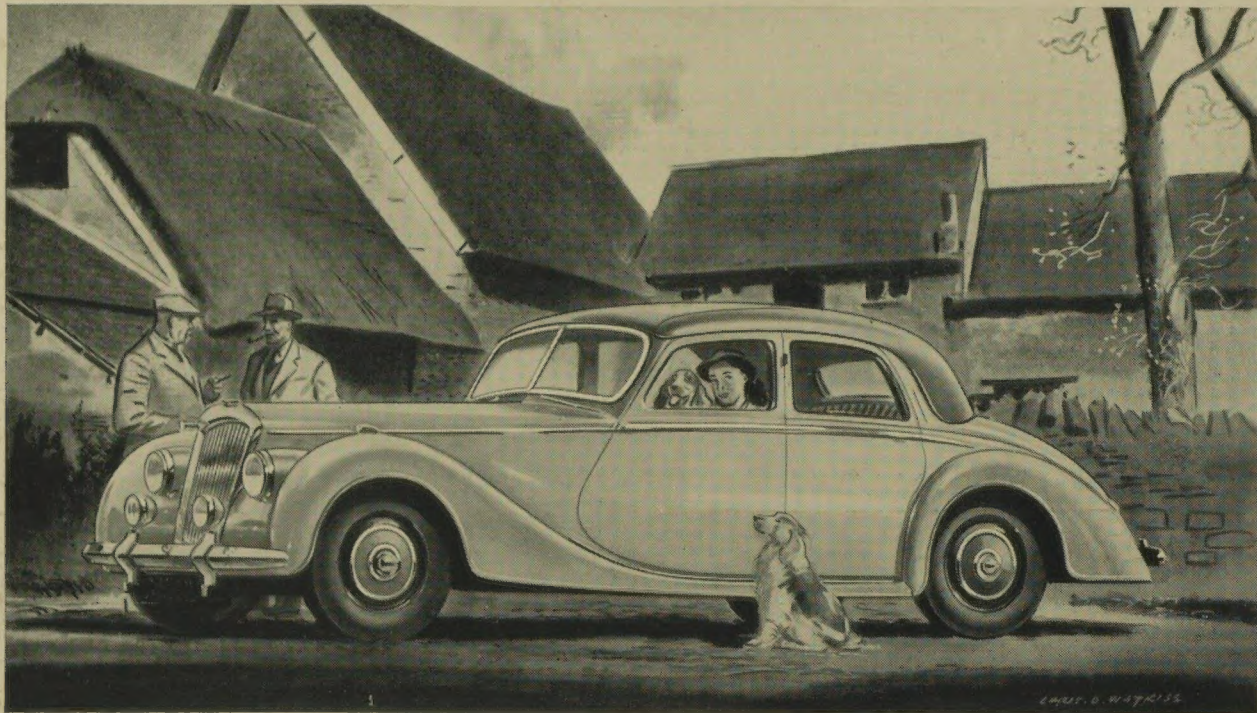
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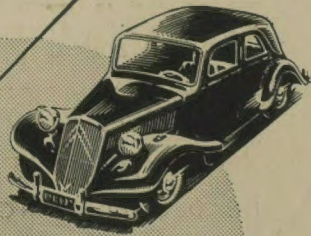
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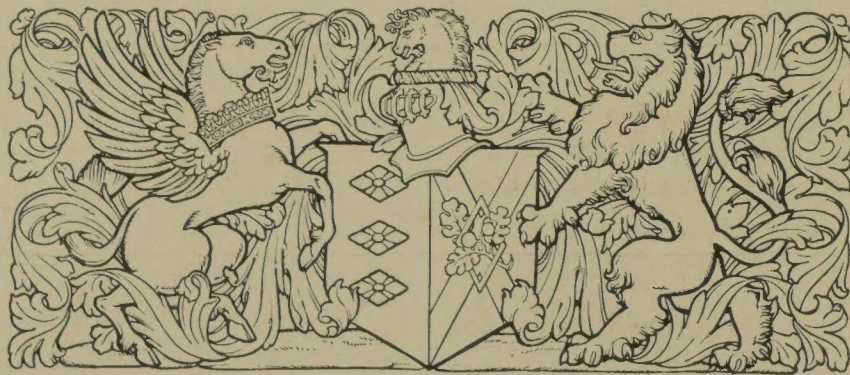
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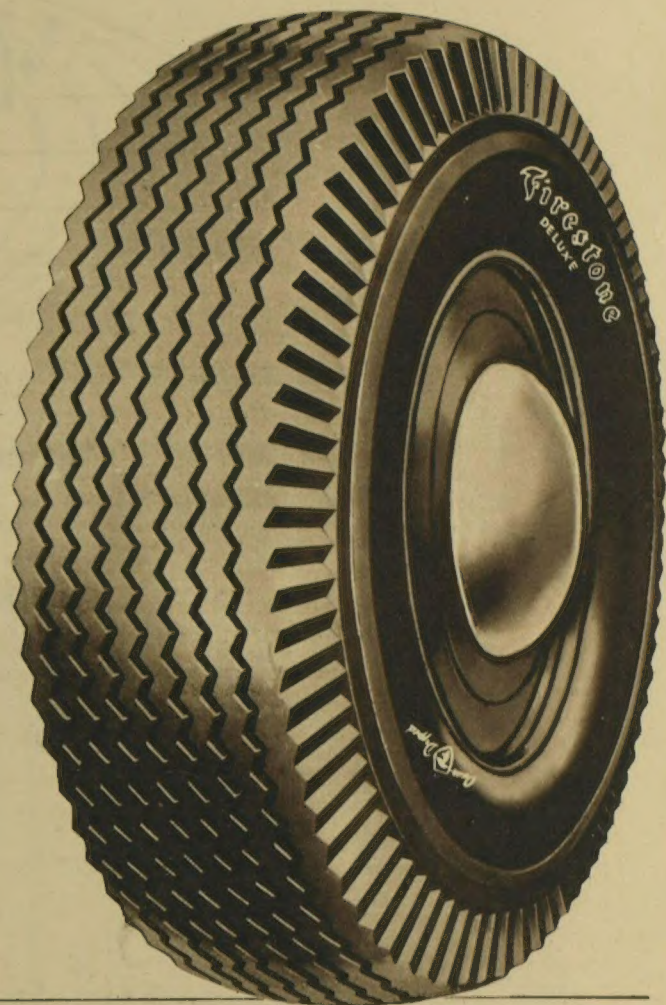
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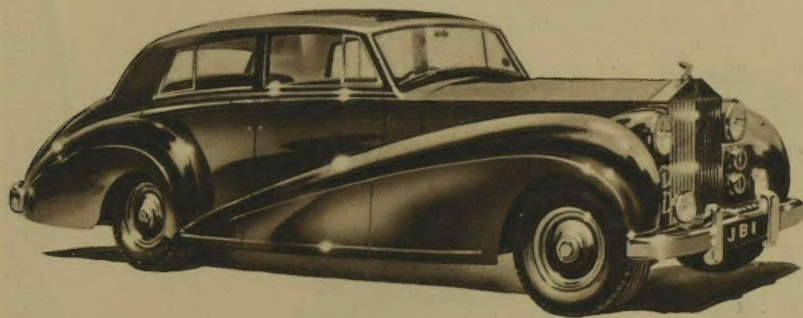
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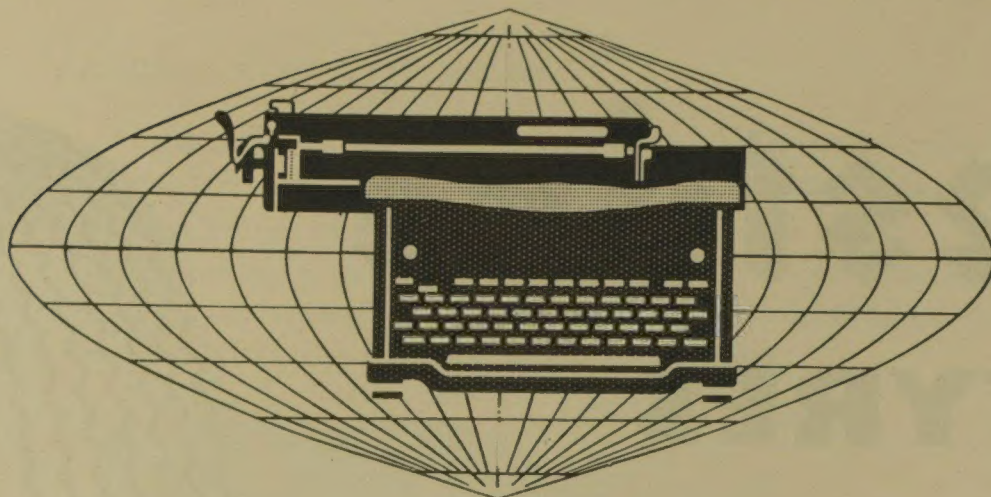
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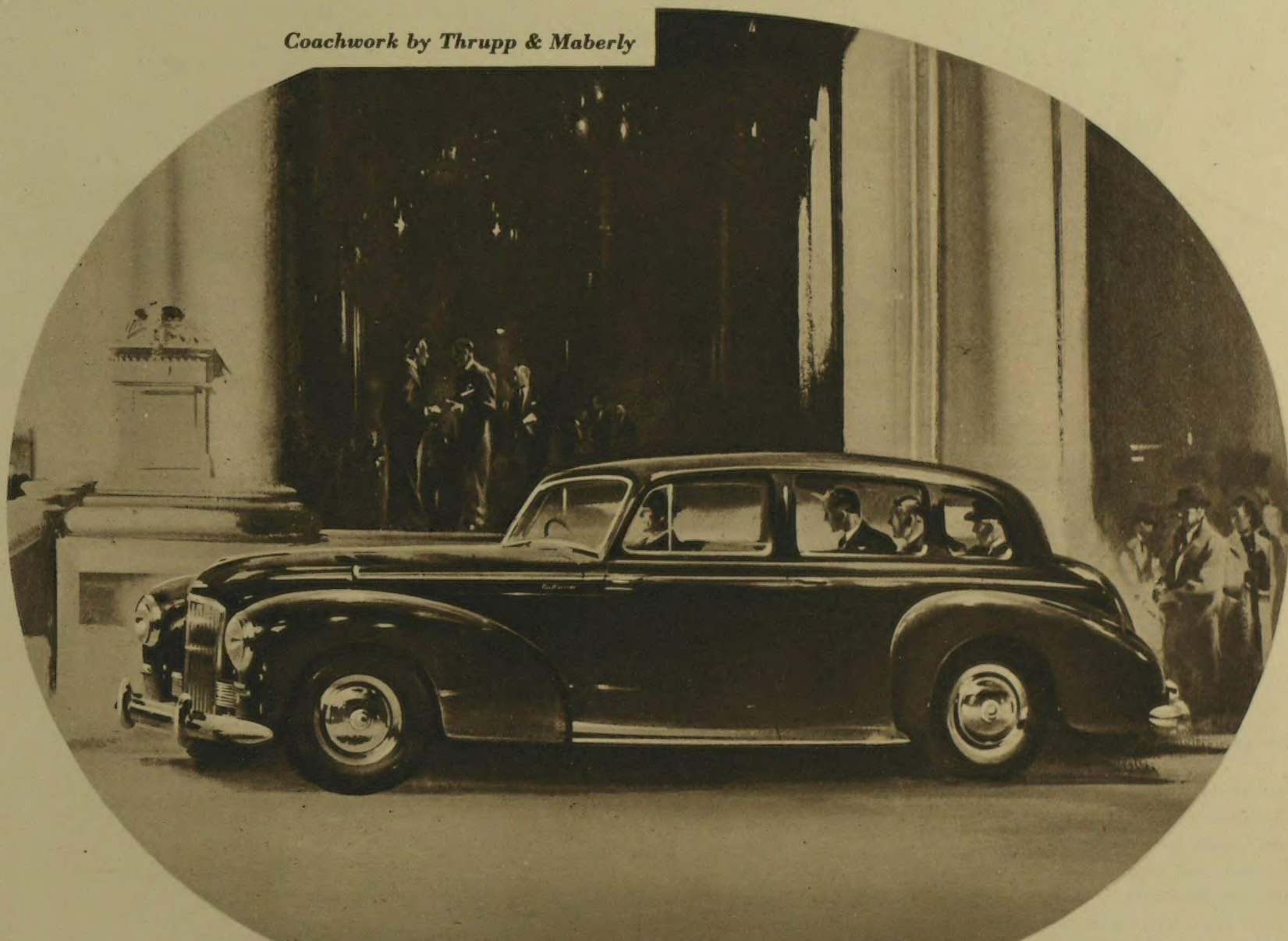
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- Air Week and International Aeronautical Show** . . . (July 24 • 27)
- MURANO REGATTA** (August 3)
- NIGHT FÊTE ON THE GRAND CANAL** (August 16)
- IN THE PALAZZO GRASSI:**
- SILK EXHIBITION** (August 18 • October 19)
- PERFORMANCES IN THE OPEN AIR** (August 20 • September 10)
- 13th INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL** (August 20 • September 12)
- Opera Season at Campo Sant'Angelo** (August)
- FESTIVAL OF FASHION** (September 1 • 7)
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SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1952.

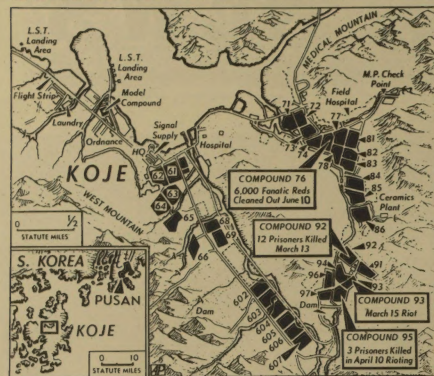


THE BATTLE OF COMPOUND 76 ON KOJE ISLAND: TEAR-GAS AND SMOKE ENVELOPING THE HUTS AS U.S. PARATROOPERS MARCHED IN TO REMOVE THE DEFIANT COMMUNIST PRISONERS, WHO RESISTED WITH SPEARS, KNIVES AND SANDBAGS.

On June 10 Brigadier-General Boatner sent a message to the Communist leaders in Compound 76 on Koje Island ordering them to form their men into groups of 150 ready for transfer into smaller compounds. As no effort was made to comply with this order, after waiting forty-five minutes General Boatner sent in a force of U.S. paratroopers wearing respirators and steel helmets. The prisoners had manned slit trenches which they had prepared, and fought the American troops with spears, swords, knives and sandbags, their numbers—6000—making up for the primitiveness of their weapons. Using concussion grenades and tear-gas bombs, the paratroopers, who were covered by field guns and tanks ready for action, rounded up the prisoners, many of whom took the first opportunity to

surrender, though a number who gave up the fight were killed by their comrades. The troops divided the Communists into groups of 150 and herded them into new cages, where they were stripped of their clothing and given a new issue. The operation was completed in two-and-a-half hours, the casualties being 31 prisoners dead and 139 wounded, and 1 American killed and 14 wounded. The Communist leader, Colonel Lee Hak-koo, was captured at an early stage of the "battle" and is to be held responsible for the bloodshed. On the same day Compound 78 was evacuated peaceably, the prisoners obeying orders and marching out in groups. Not one American soldier had to enter the compound to enforce General Boatner's orders. [Photograph by radio.]

THE "BATTLE" IN COMPOUND 76 AND OTHER ASPECTS OF COMMUNIST RESISTANCE TO UNITED NATIONS' CONTROL ON KOJE ISLAND.



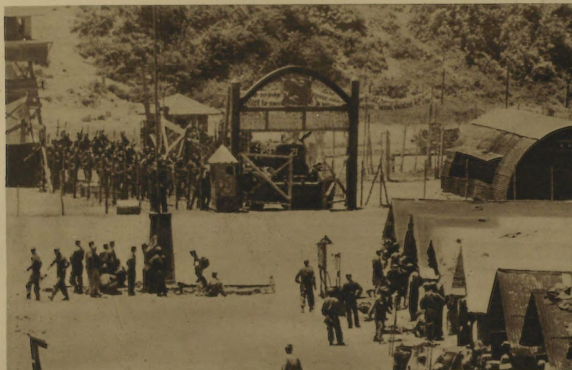
THE PRISONER-OF-WAR COMPOUNDS ON KOJE ISLAND: A MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE COMPOUNDS AND (INSERT) THE LOCATION OF THE ISLAND IN RELATION TO THE MAINLAND PORT OF PUSAN.



AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR FIVE PRISONERS KILLED WHEN THEY ATTACKED THEIR GUARDS: COMMUNIST PRISONERS OF WAR IN COMPOUND 96 LINED UP BEFORE A CASSET SURROUNDED BY WREATHS OF PAPER FLOWERS.



ENFORCING COMPLIANCE WITH GENERAL BOATNER'S BACK THE PRISONERS AS A TANK ENTERS THE COMPOUND



DEFYING GENERAL BOATNER'S ORDERS THAT ALL FLAGS AND OFFENSIVE SIGNS WERE TO BE REMOVED: PRISONERS OF WAR GATHERED ROUND A FLAGPOLE AS U.S. TROOPS MASS AT THE GATE.



EMERGING FROM A 40-FT. TUNNEL LEADING TO ANOTHER COMPOUND FROM COMPOUND 76: AN AMERICAN OFFICER INVESTIGATING AN ESCAPE ROUTE WHICH LED BEYOND THE BARBED WIRE.



THE "BATTLEFIELD" OF COMPOUND 76: COMMUNIST PRISONERS OF WAR, WITH THEIR HANDS RAISED IN SURRENDER, PASSING THEIR DEAD AND WOUNDED COMRADES, AFTER RESISTING AN ORDER TO PREPARE TO MOVE TO NEW QUARTERS.

ON the frontpiece of this issue we describe the battle fought in Compound 76 when the Communist prisoners-of-war, under the leadership of a North Korean officer, Colonel Lee Hak-ko, refused to obey General Boatner's orders to prepare to be moved to smaller compounds in groups of 150. This incident, which resulted in many casualties, was the culmination of a series which showed that the system of large compounds containing some 6000 men could be extremely dangerous unless the number of guards could be increased, with a consequent drain on the United Nations' fighting force on the mainland. It was in Compound 76 that Brigadier-General (now



CHANGING THE GUARD ON KOJE ISLAND: THE RELIEF CRAWLING UP A DRAWBRIDGE LOWERED BY THE SENTRY ON DUTY IN A WATCH-TOWER, WHO IS THUS ENABLED TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM SURPRISE ATTACK.



ORDERS: U.S. INFANTRYMEN FANNING OUT TO HOLD AND ROLL UP TO THE FLAGPOLE WITH ITS RED FLAG.



THE LAST STAGE OF THE U.S. DEMONSTRATION: A VIEW OF THE FLAGPOLE FALLING AS THE TANK (SEE PHOTOGRAPH ON LEFT) ROLLS ON WITH ITS ESCORT OF U.S. INFANTRYMEN.



UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF U.S. GUARDS: PRISONERS LEAVING COMPOUND 76 AFTER THE FIGHT, WHICH RESULTED IN CASUALTIES ON BOTH SIDES AND WAS PROBABLY STAGED FOR PROPAGANDA PURPOSES.

Colonel Dodd was held as a hostage last month. When General Boatner took over command of the camp he immediately ordered that red flags and offensive placards were to be removed and took steps to ensure that his orders were carried out. In one instance, illustrated in three photographs on these pages, he sent in a tank with an infantry escort to destroy the flag-pole. Firmness of this kind is proving to be the best policy, and after the "battle" in Compound 76, the splitting-up of the prisoners proceeded without incident. It is believed that the intransigence of the prisoners has been forced by their leaders for propaganda purposes.

INCIDENTS AND SCENES ON THE PRISON ISLAND OF KOJE: THE FIRST STEPS IN CLEARING UP A DANGEROUS SITUATION.



HOLDING THE PLANS FOR A MASS ESCAPE FROM COMPOUND 76, FOUND AFTER THE "BATTLE" ON JUNE 10: BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAYDON BOATNER (LEFT) WITH A P.O.W. (ON RIGHT)



THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BLOODSHED IN COMPOUND 76: THE "ARMY" COLONY, LEFT. HAK-KOO, WHO WAS CAPTURED EARLY IN THE FIGHTING. (RIGHT)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is not often that I read in a single day two speeches by two separate politicians recommending something with which I cordially agree! And when both politicians prove to be socialists and both their recommendations to be the creation of new Government departments, my agreement with their views almost borders, in its small way, on the miraculous! For as readers of this page may have guessed, I am no socialist, and my dislike of Government departments in the abstract, however much I may like and esteem some of their individual members, is an obsession. The last thing I normally want to see is a new Ministry, with all the time-wasting, face-saving, sterile formalities and restrictions on human activity and human dignity that it brings in its swollen, costly, well-meaning train. What I usually, no doubt most unreasonably, want to see—and scarcely ever do see—is the abolition of a Ministry root and branch! Even the Admiralty—the best-loved of all Government departments to an Englishman with any sense of history—has grown since 1939 out of all recognition, though the Navy it administers has dwindled to a fraction of its former size.

Yet the two new Ministries asked for seem to me so badly needed that I am ready to welcome—and help pay for—another 10,000—or 20,000 Civil Servants, if necessary, in order to get them. My disreputable old hat is raised in salute to the two statesmen who are urging their creation. One is Lord Pakenham, who is reported as saying that beauty needs a champion in Whitehall, and that there should be a "Counsellor of Beauty" in the Government. The other is our old friend Mr. Shinwell—"Tinker's Cuss," to his opponents—who has said he would like to see in the Government a Minister responsible for the organisation of emigration, with the consent, of course, as he wisely added, of the Commonwealth countries. Beauty and Empire Migration are the twin Cinderellas of modern Westminster and Whitehall. Most politicians pay them some sort of lip service, but the moment they get themselves into office ignore them completely, almost invariably endorsing the *non possumus* attitude of officialdom towards both. Yet the one is the ultimate end of civilisation and, as I see it, of living, and the other is the life-line on which our nation depends for its future existence. The use of my reasoning faculties convinces me of the latter, and of some other and deeper faculty of the former.

I am not, however, in favour of Lord Pakenham's choice of name for his new Minister or Counsellor. It would render him much too unpopular. The word "beauty" seems to have much the same effect on our public men, national and local—and particularly local—as the word "culture" used to have on Field Marshal Goering: it makes them feel for the municipal equivalent of their revolvers. It is only when used in connection with competitions for bathing-belles and beauty-queens that they can stomach it at all. The new Ministry—and Minister—had better be called by some more acceptable name, like "Amelioration" or "Visual Betterment." Mr. Betjeman, who loves beauty and understands the great British Public—because, despite its unthinking war against beauty, he loves it—would not doubt be able to think of an acceptable title; I hope he will enter Parliament and qualify for the office himself. He, or whoever is chosen, will have a busy time. Most of the beautiful things our ancestors created for us—and we are creating scarcely any ourselves—are threatened with needless but imminent destruction. The country houses, with their glorious lawns and woods and lakes, their stately yet homely architecture, their noble libraries, their exquisite furniture, pictures, silver, china, tapestries, which might, rightly used, meet, in a new democratic age, a hundred needs which could restore to us our former national self-confidence, good breeding, and sense of values, are being destroyed so rapidly that there is scarcely a county in England with a dozen of them left free from dereliction. Our landscape is being ravaged, with them, and as needlessly; woods felled wholesale and without replanting to snatch a quick profit for an estate-breaker or to pay

the tax-collector; hedgerows denuded of timber; industrial plants established and huge quarries made on the skyline of our downs. There is always a reason for doing these things, yet the far greater national reason for not doing them is never given and goes by default. The heritage of our children and children's children is being filched by us; we are like mothers who rob their sons' money-boxes to buy cosmetics! Now the country churches in which our ancestors have worshipped God and met their neighbours Sunday after Sunday for centuries are starting to go the same way. There is no money for their repair, because the church-going folk who formerly supported them have been taxed out of all but the barest necessities. Yet the State that takes their savings cannot, we are told officially, afford to spend a penny of our money on saving this great architectural and Christian heritage. It must apparently go by default, while on every main highroad gangs of men, reduced to the ranks of craftless labourers for lack of skilled employment, are engaged at the community's expense in making wider and faster speed-tracks. Yet, deep down, our people are as ready to love beautiful things as

their fathers who made them, if only they are given the chance to learn to appreciate and enjoy them. There is an immense reservoir of latent artistic skill and delight in the British nation at present utterly untapped. By releasing it, we could release with it a tremendous stream of joyous activity and energy which would astonish the economists. I have just been reading an enchanting book called "Farmwife," by Marion Roberts, the wife of a small Welsh farmer who began to farm with her husband under the shadow of Cader Idris sixteen years ago on a capital of £200, half of it borrowed. Her tale of hardships and difficulties overcome is lit on every page by a deep love of beauty in all its shapes and forms, which confirms my own experience of how many of our people, unknown to their blind rulers, possess it. Lord Pakenham's Counsellor, when he gets down to his work, will be surprised to find how many friends and allies he possesses.

As for Mr. Shinwell's new Ministry, there seem to me to be four unanswerable reasons for it. The first was given by Mr. Shinwell himself in the brief report of his speech that appeared in the Press. He said there was every cause to believe that, whatever was done, it would

be difficult, if not impossible, to sustain a population as large as Britain's in the future. "Therefore, we must be prepared for a large measure of emigration, and if many of our people must leave these shores, they should have the opportunity to go to one or other of the Commonwealth countries." The population we built up in this country during the nineteenth century—and have immensely increased even in the twentieth—was only made possible by the demand of non-manufacturing and food-producing areas outside Britain for our manufactured goods. In return, they sent us their own surplus food, and raw materials with which to make such manufactured goods. For the past three decades the markets in which we can sell our manufactured goods have been steadily shrinking and, if we are to maintain supplies of food for our people, we must increasingly raise it ourselves either at home or in the still half-empty lands of our sister nations of the Commonwealth. The second reason is that those sister nations are eager for and in urgent need of larger populations, and wish to receive the bulk of such population from British stock. The third reason is that, so long as our population remains compressed in this small island, we are the most vulnerable target to atomic bombing in the world, but that, distributed more evenly throughout the Commonwealth, the British peoples would become less vulnerable than any other to such attack. And the fourth reason is that the existence of a widespread spirit of liberty and of the faith and vitality that go with liberty demand a less crowded community than exists to-day in Britain. There is plenty of room for growing food, for security and for a free, healthy life in the great free countries of the Commonwealth. What is wanted are the facilities and the help to enable British men and women in need of them to obtain them.

A REDISCOVERED MASTERPIECE BOUGHT FOR AMERICA.



ACQUIRED FOR THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF NEW YORK: "THE MUSICIANS" (*UNA MUSICA*), AN EARLY WORK BY MICHELANGELO AMERIGHI, CALLED CARAVAGGIO (1573-1610).

Although it had long been known, through contemporary sources, such as the writings of Giovanni Baglione, that Caravaggio's early work included a painting of a concert or music party, no such picture was known until recently. Five years ago, Captain W. G. Thwaytes, R.N. (ret.), bought the present canvas for £100 from Mr. J. Cookson, of Kendal, Westmorland. Encouraged by experts in his opinion that it was important, Captain Thwaytes had the picture carefully cleaned; and it was at once recognised by authorities as being an early work of Caravaggio. Mr. Denis Mahon, the art historian, writing in *The Burlington Magazine* early this year, stated that the work "has every claim to be identified as the lost 'Musica' originally painted for Cardinal del Monte." Cardinal Francesco Maria del Monte (1549-1627) was the patron of Caravaggio and launched him on his career. The picture has now been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and is regarded as one of the most important single additions to be made to the Metropolitan's collections in recent years. Caravaggio died aged thirty-seven, and works by him are rare, being mostly owned by museums and churches on the Continent.

"THE BEST
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WORLD'S FIRST
OPERATIONAL
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ON June 7, at Cambridge, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., the Secretary of State for Air, disclosed that the Royal Air Force is to be equipped with the new Gloster GA-5 all-weather fighter; and that this completes the list of new military aircraft which are to have "super-priority." The others are the Hawker *Hunter* and Supermarine *Swift* (swept-wing day fighters), the English Electric *Canberra* tactical bomber, the Vickers *Valiant* four-jet bomber, and the Fairey *Gannet* anti-submarine aircraft. The Gloster GA-5, whose speed, range, radar equipment, fire-power and climb are all secret, but stated to be "fantastic," is the first delta-wing fighter to go into squadron service in any air force, and is believed by the Air Minister to be "the best night-fighter in the world." It is powered by an Armstrong-Siddeley *Sapphire* turbo-jet engine, which is claimed to "out-power" all other jets, British or American. The GA-5 resembles an arrow-head in plan view, and it is understood that given the requisite power it will be perfectly adapted for flying at speeds between 720 and 1000 m.p.h. Squadron Leader W. A. Waterton, the Gloster chief test pilot, has said: "I have put the GA-5 through every possible manoeuvre. You can land her like a feather"; and: "Pilots will be very pleased with her handling qualities."

BRITAIN'S ANSWER TO THE
HIGH-ALTITUDE ATOM
BOMBER: THE GLOSTER
GA-5, WHICH HAS JUST
BEEN ORDERED FOR THE
R.A.F. AND GIVEN "SUPER-
PRIORITY," SEEN IN A HAIR-
RAISING VERTICAL ASCENT,
DURING EVALUATION TRIALS.



THE UNIVERSAL MAN.

"THE MIND OF LEONARDO DA VINCI"; by EDWARD MacCURDY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. MacCURDY'S book on Leonardo—which might more accurately be described as "The Life, Mind and Work," for it is a comprehensive account of him—first appeared in 1928. This reprint, if it was not actually suggested by the current exhibition of Leonardo's drawings at Burlington House, is very timely. Those who are struck with amazement or have their curiosity aroused by the exhibition may procure the book and find at least some of their questions answered.

Eighty years ago the approach to Leonardo was rather different from ours. When Walter Pater wrote his celebrated essay, the existence of Leonardo's manuscripts was known, and also his interest in the construction of military machines, but his work as a painter, and as the modeller of a great lost equestrian statue, was predominant in men's minds. "The Mind of Leonardo" was even then a mystery; but the mystery was found in the strangeness of his landscape backgrounds, and in vague hints around the lips of his smiling women. When I was young, and when my parents were young, an article about Leonardo in the Press was almost bound to contain Pater's brooding and elaborate description of "Mona Lisa": "The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within the flesh, the deposit, little cell by little cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul, with all its maladies, has passed? All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animation of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the Middle Age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias.

Toulouse-Lautrec. The passage is still impressive to the ear, with its slow cadences, and illuminating in its limited way. But it is not so often quoted now (except as a fine example of "the purple patch") and the reason is that the focus of attention has shifted. Pater was aware of Leonardo's varied



"THE CANNON FOUNDRY," BY LEONARDO DA VINCI. FROM A DRAWING IN PEN AND INK, IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY, WINDSOR.

interests, but could easily ignore them, as he was unfamiliar with the notebooks (which Mr. MacCurdy himself has edited in English) and much preferred drawings of Virgins' and warriors' heads and "the tangles of Neera's hair" to even the best "blue prints" for improved guns and catapults. Modern attention has been aware of an even more universal genius than even the painter whom Pater studied, and the loss of whose major works Pater deplored.

"Would," exclaims Mr. MacCurdy, "that it were possible to attain to some eyrie-spot of vision, some Pisgah where should stand revealed the Alp-like statue of the man whose measure of universality

in mental gifts has no equal. Add the world of Shakespeare, called by Coleridge myriad-minded, to that of Bacon, and the dualism of endeavour which was Leonardo's would have its parallel." But more names than those of Shakespeare and Bacon would have to be brought in to indicate the "myriad-mindedness" of Leonardo. Aristotle, Archimedes, Newton, Boyle, Watt, Stephenson, Lyell, Darwin: he could have found common ground with them all. He was as nearly as possible the universal man. And, being that, there were, of course, contradictions in him. He was celebrated for his hatred of cruelty and bloodshed. As a boy he used to buy caged birds in order to free them. As a man he was a vegetarian and would not, if he could help it, permit any injury to any living creature. A less universal person with that sensitiveness would have turned his face away from war. But no. Battles were fought and battles must be painted: all reality must be faced.

War, said he, was "an utterly bestial frenzy," but he set down the fullest details as to the way in which it should be depicted:

"The faces of the combatants delineated relentlessly; the concentrated fury of the conquerors intent only to slay; the conquered pallid, with brows knit, 'the skin above the brows filled with lines of pain,' nostrils dilated, lips arched, teeth parted, crying out in lamentation; the dead, some half-buried in dust, others with the dust mingled with oozing blood and changing into crimson mud; others in the death agony, eyes rolling, fists clenched and limbs distorted; one disarmed and struck down by the enemy turning on him with teeth and nails." Well, other war-haters have depicted the ghastliness of war, Callot and Goya, Tolstoi, Verestchagin, and Zola in "Le Dérailé." But it is doubtful if any of these would have devoted as much attention to the invention of means of destruction as they did to their art and their preaching. When Leonardo asked to be taken into the service of Ludovico Sforza, he stated, as a sort of postscript, "I can further execute sculpture in marble, bronze or clay, also in painting I can do as much as anyone else, whoever he may be." But his main claim to attention was that he was an inventor, and a military engineer. And he certainly could invent "as much as anyone else."

He had projects for aeroplanes, submarines and tanks, and the designs remain. What he lacked was petrol and the internal combustion engine: had he possessed them the horrors of our day would doubtless have begun centuries ago. He was the greatest and most general of explorers, and he simply could not check his curiosity. He lamely stated that his military weapons were designed for the safeguarding of liberty. The people who split the atom assured us that they were thinking only of beneficent ways in which atomic energy could be used: if the human race misused it, it would be a tragic pity, but the march of Science must go on.

Leonardo would have agreed. And he had a truly scientific mind: the earnestness with which he sheds prepossessions in his geological studies and tries to recognise every fact as he discovers it and allow it to influence his theories is most impressive. Yet, to the end, he remained a supreme artist. Darwin regretted late in life that, through preoccupation with hosts of material facts and their sorting, he



A BALLISTA, FROM A DRAWING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI IN THE CODICE ATLANTICO.

The notes by the two insets on the left are: (Upper) "This is the form of the instrument when it is worked by a rope and its release is caused by the blow of the hammer upon the nut." (Lower) "This produces the same effect as the instrument above, except that it is released by the lever and it is noiseless."

had lost all his youthful fondness for and understanding of poetry and music. This would have astonished Leonardo.

To him all things were linked. Though not orthodox, he was, that is, a fundamentally religious man.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1062 of this issue.



LEONARDO'S WAR MACHINE WITH SCYTHES AND ARMOURD CAR: FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COLLECTION.

The notes beside the armoured car read as follows: (Upper left) "How the armoured car is arranged inside." (Lower left) "It will need eight men to work it and make it turn and pursue the enemy." (Lower right) "This is good to break through the ranks, but it must be followed up." The illustrations on this page are reproduced from the book "The Mind of Leonardo da Vinci," published by Jonathan Cape.

She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands."

The analysis might have surprised Leonardo: but then most poets would lift their eyebrows could they know the interpretations which have been put upon their works. And, as an indication of Leonardo's genius, it certainly deals with only one facet out of many, representing him as but the supreme artist in the realm, full of hints of wistfulness and etiolation, in which lesser inhabitants were Burne-Jones, Puvis de Chavannes, and even Aubrey Beardsley, and even

* "The Mind of Leonardo da Vinci." By Edward MacCurdy. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape 1952.)



OFFICERS OF ARMS OF THE HERALDS COLLEGE: (FROM L. TO R.) WINDSOR HERALD, MR. R. P. GRAHAM-VIVIAN; RICHMOND HERALD, MR. A. R. WAGNER; YORK HERALD, MR. A. J. TOPPIN; CLARENCEUX KING OF ARMS, SIR ARTHUR COCHRANE; GARTER KING OF ARMS, THE HON. SIR GEORGE BELLEW; THE EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND, THE DUKE OF NORFOLK; PORTCULLIS, THE MASTER OF SINCLAIR; NORROY AND ULSTER KING OF ARMS, SIR GERALD WOLLASTON; ROUGE DRAGON, MR. R. MIRRELES; LANCASTER HERALD, MR. A. G. B. RUSSELL; CHESTER HERALD, MR. J. D. HEATON-ARMSTRONG; ROUGE CROIX, MR. J. R. B. WALKER; AND SOMERSET HERALD, MAJOR M. R. TRAPPES-LOMAX.



TWO OF THE THREE KINGS OF ARMS OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: NORROY AND ULSTER (AND EARL MARSHAL'S SECRETARY), SIR GERALD WOLLASTON (LEFT), AND GARTER KING OF ARMS, THE HON. SIR GEORGE BELLEW.



FOUR OF THE SIX HERALDS OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: (FROM L. TO R.) RICHMOND, MR. A. R. WAGNER; LANCASTER, MR. A. G. B. RUSSELL; CHESTER (AND REGISTRAR), MR. J. D. HEATON-ARMSTRONG; WINDSOR, MR. R. P. GRAHAM-VIVIAN; SHOWING THE RICHLY EMBLAZONED TABARDS.



THREE OF THE FOUR PURSUIVANTS WITH A KING OF ARMS: (FROM L. TO R.) BLUE-MANTLE, MR. J. A. FRERE; CLARENCEUX KING OF ARMS, SIR ARTHUR COCHRANE; ROUGE DRAGON, MR. R. MIRRELES; AND PORTCULLIS, THE MASTER OF SINCLAIR.

Continued.
and Rouge Dragon. In his recently published book "The Records and Collections of the College of Arms," Mr. A. R. Wagner says: "The history of the heralds as members of the Household goes back to the thirteenth century, but they were not constituted into a corporation until 1484, and the present incorporation dates only from 1555. Certain functions are vested in the

IT is only on some State occasions that the general public can see the Officers of Arms in their picturesque tabards, linking the world of to-day with the pageantry and chivalry of the thirteenth century. There are thirteen officers of the College of Arms, or Heralds College, presided over by the hereditary Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, consisting of three Kings of Arms—Garter, Clarenceux and Norroy and Ulster, who is also the Earl Marshal's Secretary—six Heralds, Lancaster, Chester (and Registrar), York, Richmond, Windsor and Somerset—and four Pursuivants—Rouge Croix, Bluemantle, Portcullis

(Continued below, left.)



THE EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND: HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, WHO IS THE OFFICIAL HEAD OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS.

Corporation or Chapter of the College, others in the Kings of Arms, others in all the officers individually and certain supervisory functions in the Earl Marshal." The Kings of Arms have the special function of granting arms by letters patent, and every officer of the College has the right to conduct a professional practice in heraldry and genealogy. (Photographs by Elliott and Fry.)

PRINCESS MARGARET AT BEDFORD SCHOOL: THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.



PRINCESS MARGARET PLANTS A TREE IN THE GARDEN OF THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, DURING THE CEREMONIES TO MARK THE QUATERCENTENARY OF BEDFORD SCHOOL'S CHARTER.



PRINCESS MARGARET SHAKING HANDS WITH THE HEADMASTER OF BEDFORD SCHOOL, MR. C. M. SEAMAN, WHEN SHE ARRIVED TO UNVEIL A MEMORIAL TABLET IN THE GREAT HALL.

In our last issue we published a number of drawings by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, of Bedford School, which on June 14 celebrated the 400th anniversary of the granting of its Charter by King Edward VI. The ceremonies marking this occasion were honoured by a visit of her Royal Highness Princess Margaret (who was attended by Miss Iris Peake and Captain Oliver Dawnay). The chief event of the morning was Speech Day in the Great Hall, where the Princess presented the prizes and addressed the boys. She said that the Public School was surely one of the greatest and most enduring of our institutions. Learning and knowledge, she said, were of great worth, but education should go further than that. It should put before the pupils what was described as



ON HER ARRIVAL FOR THE QUATERCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OF BEDFORD SCHOOL, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET IS HERE SEEN RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF ROSES AND CARNATIONS FROM A JUNIOR BOY, MICHAEL HUBBARD.

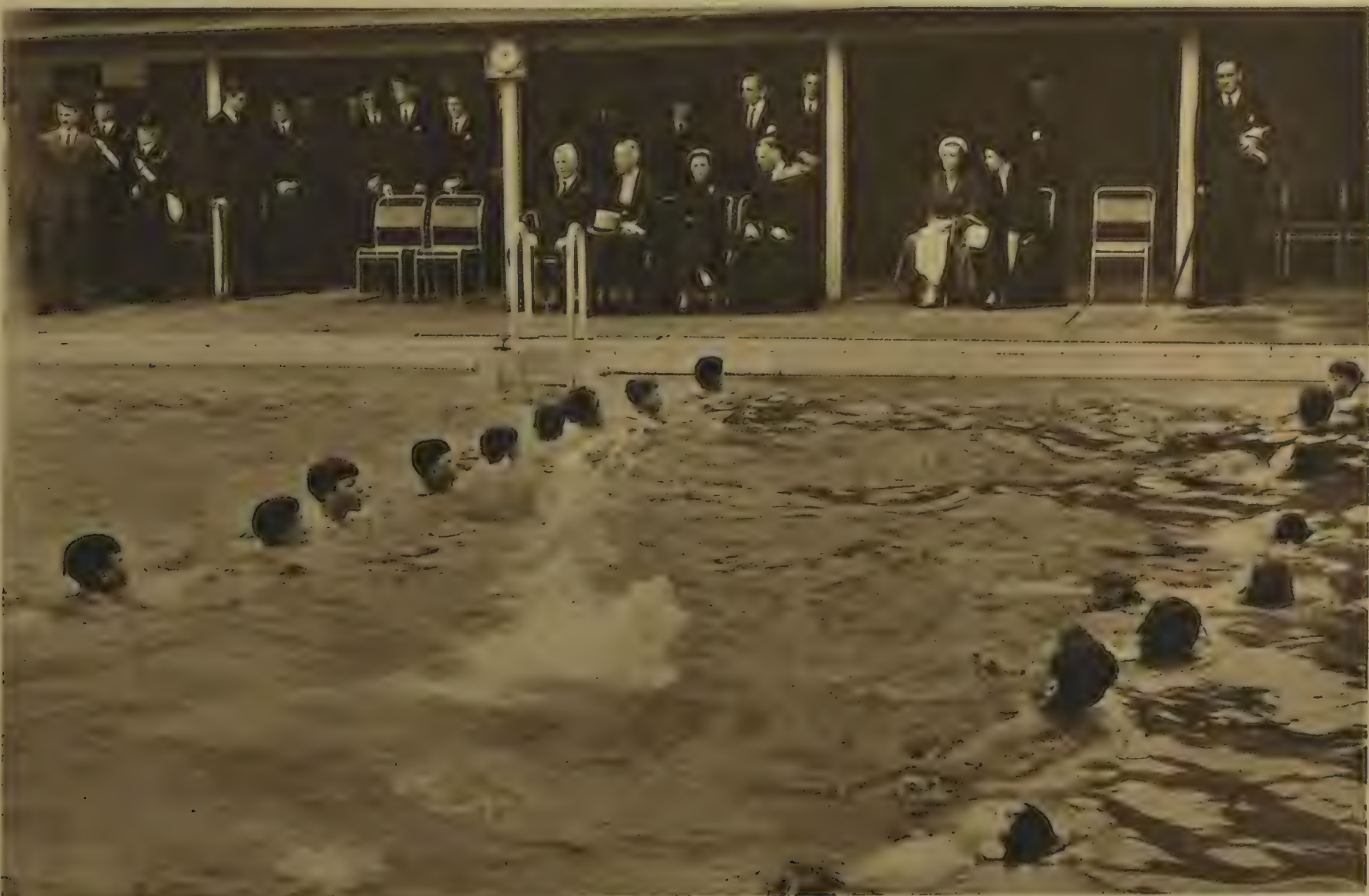


SHAKING HANDS WITH THE HEAD BOY, A. H. STEARNS: PRINCESS MARGARET AT BEDFORD SCHOOL, WHERE SHE PRESENTED PRIZES ON THE SCHOOL'S 400TH ANNIVERSARY.

"a habitual vocation of greatness"—a vocation of all that was best and noblest, which would guide them to seek the highest ideals in whatever field they followed. In the Great Hall the Princess unveiled, beneath the great clock—as shown in the photograph on the opposite page—a tablet commemorating the granting of the Royal Charter in 1552 and the celebration of its quatercentenary. After luncheon in the Memorial Hall with the Headmaster and members of the Board of Governors, she planted a tree in the garden of the Preparatory School, watched a swimming demonstration by the Junior School and visited the pavilion to watch a cricket match between the School and a "Forty Club" XI. captained by Mr. P. G. H. Fender.



TO MARK THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SCHOOL'S CHARTER : THE UNVEILING OF THE COMMEMORATIVE PANEL IN THE GREAT HALL OF BEDFORD SCHOOL. H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO HAD JUST PERFORMED THE CEREMONY, CAN BE SEEN IN THE CENTRE (IN BLACK, WITH A BLACK AND WHITE HAT), WITH THE HEADMASTER IMMEDIATELY TO HER LEFT.



PRINCESS MARGARET AT BEDFORD SCHOOL : WATCHING A SWIMMING DISPLAY IN THE BATHS BY BOYS OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL. SHE ALSO WATCHED A CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE SCHOOL AND A "FORTY CLUB" XI. DURING HER VISIT THE PRINCESS WAS ESCORTED BY THE HEADMASTER AND MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

CLAUSEWITZ is always regarded as the apostle of the absolute in war. It is not so often remembered that he looked upon absolute war as logical—because, if you go to war at all, it is illogical to wage it half-heartedly—but historically as far less common than war falling far short of the absolute. It might, he said, fall so short of the absolute as to become merely "a state of observation." He had seen and taken part in the first series of great wars approaching the absolute, the Napoleonic Wars, and it might have been expected that he would regard this type as having come to stay. On the contrary, he was doubtful on this point, and in at least one passage he prophesied that war would not remain universally absolute. "All future wars will hardly have this character, and it is rather to be expected that they will again show a tendency to the character of wars of observation." This, coming from him, was a remarkable forecast. Since then there have been wars falling short of the absolute in so far as their objects have been limited and they have not been fought to the bitter end, but not many representing "a state of observation." That, however, is what the Korean War has represented for just a year.

Indeed, the more we investigate what Clausewitz has to say on this subject, the more it looks as though he actually foresaw a development such as that which has taken place in Korea. War being an instrument of policy, it might be contrary to the political interests of both sides to carry it to the absolute or maintain it at that level. In some cases decision by absolute warfare may involve such unwelcome risk and expenditure that the belligerents may "come down to such warfare as consists in a mere threatening of the enemy and in negotiating." The words which he puts in the German version of italics might have been written to describe the present situation in Korea. A complication which he could not have foreseen was the emergence of a political faith which would find positive advantages in such a state of affairs and make use of it to spread abroad its doctrine. The tales of germ warfare, the ingenious propaganda carried out among prisoners of war belonging to the forces of the United States and other contingents of the United Nations, and above all the action approximating to revolts in the camps holding Chinese and North Korean prisoners of war go beyond even what Clausewitz could have imagined.

On June 6 Field Marshal Lord Alexander left this country for Korea to examine conditions on the spot and report to the Government. Something will doubtless be published on his return, but it will not include considerations which would be useful to the enemy. There seems, therefore, no reason why we should not try now to form an estimate of the significance of what has been happening and of the state of affairs to-day. Unsatisfactory as the last year has been in many ways, it has been accompanied by great benefits, for which we can be thankful. Casualties have been reduced to a minimum, so that tens of thousands of men are now alive who would be dead if the struggle had continued in accordance with the former pattern. The hardships and sufferings of the forces have been greatly reduced also. Some observers whose views are entitled to respect have concluded that the war is petering out, and that it is never likely now to work up to the old fury. I hope they may prove right.

On the other hand, the commitment still remains very heavy. The United States cannot afford to lock up such excessive strength in this peninsula, and the same is true of the British Commonwealth, which, though its contingent is so much smaller, still takes the second place. Despite the sanguine forecast which I have just quoted, the situation seems to me dangerous also from the point of view that a sudden explosion might occur without having been definitely willed by

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

"A STATE OF OBSERVATION."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

either side. There does not appear to have been any real improvement in the prospects of an armistice, and the motives of the Chinese in proposing it are highly obscure. If Communist China can rely upon its troops holding their ground and performing their duties in Korea without becoming either demoralised or mutinous, there is no reason, on the surface, why they should not sit there for another year. Meanwhile, I would remind readers that, if my views and those of Mr. Drew Middleton which I examined a fortnight ago are correct, this year and the next are about the most dangerous to be expected in Europe.

From many sources there have been estimates of the way in which the strength of the Communist armies has increased during this year of lull, for the most part in respect of high-class equipment of Russian origin. This comes under a number of headings, but the chief may be given as aircraft, tanks and artillery, including high-class anti-aircraft artillery with proximity-fuze ammunition. It is remarkable that there have so far been no reports of the Communists having received a modern bomber. The fighters are of excellent quality, but they cannot seriously affect the issue so long as the American bombers frustrate the attempts of the Chinese to construct airfields in the forward zone from which they could operate over the front. Hitherto success in this respect has been complete; if there were to be a failure the military situation would be gravely worsened. Even now, if the enemy were to launch a new offensive, it seems certain that he would

that the drain on the fighting forces of the United Nations caused by turning them into warders will be quickly brought to an end. And, needless to say, the death of every prisoner who is shot provides fresh Communist propaganda.

Another complication which will occupy the attention of Lord Alexander is the attitude of President Syngman Rhee. I do not propose to deal with the purely

political side of this. It does, however, possess a military significance which I cannot well omit from my review of the situation. I do not know how far the President maintains his hold upon the country and the South Korean Army, but the attacks made upon him by correspondents have not altered the fact that before the war and in its earlier stages this was strong. A break between him and the United States might have a serious effect upon the spirit of the Army, which constitutes a large element in the forces opposing the Communists. It is even possible that if he ordered the Army to withdraw he would be obeyed. Those who urge drastic measures in dealing with him are therefore, in my view, offering dangerous advice. In some ways this state of affairs may prove as difficult to handle as that of Koje Island. It is more complex. Both problems call for cool heads. The American command has rightly striven to limit its relations with the South Korean Government to advice in all cases where the direct interests of their forces are not involved, but this is a case where they may very well be.

An appreciation of the intentions of the Chinese is difficult and a task which attracts few volunteer prophets. My own estimate has lately been that the present state of affairs suits the enemy and that he may therefore be expected to maintain it; that is, not to sign an armistice, but not to launch a major offensive. Some recent reports of still further reinforcements might shake this forecast if they were confirmed, but their credibility seems doubtful. It is also possible that Chinese intentions are not at the moment solid and that they are liable to be altered by exterior Communist pressure. Finally, in seeking an armistice it has come to be assumed that this would bring the war to an end, but such a consequence is not certain. Let us recall that, at the beginning of the negotiations, when many good judges thought that an armistice convention would be quickly signed, the same men thought that the real difficulties would start at that point and that the armistice would be followed by bitter and prolonged debate on the future of Korea. Until that is decided there can be no semblance of a sound and satisfactory peace.

I have spoken of the possibility of a Communist offensive. To judge by the statements of senior American officers, an offensive by the United Nations is far less likely. The view they have expressed is that sufficient strength exists to hold a Communist offensive, though perhaps only with difficulty, but that strength is not sufficient to undertake an offensive. As matters stand at present, the prospect of seriously reinforcing the Korean theatre of war is remote, because it appears that such an effort would not pay. Dangers elsewhere are too heavy. So, unless the Communists strike, the probability is that another major campaign will not occur. It is more difficult to suggest a course of action here than in a normal war. Obviously, the interminable and maddening negotiations must not be abandoned in exasperation or despair of results. I

do not consider the American negotiators ought to surrender on the question of the return of prisoners of war who do not desire to go back, but some slight hope remains of an independent investigation of their attitude which Communist observers might attend.

A "state of observation" has proved less unpleasant than absolute war, but if it leads thereto it will have been mainly to the advantage of the Communists. In that case there will be no alternative but to do all that is possible to make them regret their decision. If not, patience and firmness will still be required. Watchfulness in the field of politics and propaganda will be as necessary as watchfulness from the air or from the observation-post on a hillside, because Communist warfare is waged against minds and spirits as well as against men and armaments. Avoidable mistakes such as that of letting the prisoners of war get out of hand cannot be afforded. Two years ago the task of preventing South Korea from being overrun by Communism was undertaken. The decision may have been right or wrong, but there is no going back upon it now, whether or not the enemy resumes his offensive.



"THE LARGEST UNBROKEN EXPANSE OF CORRUGATED IRON IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND": A VIEW OF THE WESTERN END OF LANCING COLLEGE CHAPEL WHICH HAS STOOD UNFINISHED FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS AND IS NOW RAPIDLY DETERIORATING.

An appeal has recently been made for funds to enable Lancing College Chapel, one of the finest examples of post-Reformation Gothic building in this country, to be completed. Building was begun in 1868 and the main structure, though still incomplete, was consecrated in 1911. Mr. S. E. Dykes-Bower's design for the west end is intended, in his own words, "to strike a reasonable balance between what is architecturally desirable and what may be financially practicable." His first aim is to reveal the whole of Carpenter's choir in its true proportions; at present the western bay is disfigured within by the temporary organ gallery. This entails moving the organ back to a new permanent organ loft and furnishing the west end of the Chapel. The new loft is on a gallery, housed in a narrow blank bay, with a traceried rose window in the west front, above triforium level. Below this is a vaulted ante-chapel reaching to the height of the side aisles. It is semi-circular in plan with the west door on the central axis; being aisle-less and so much lower than the Chapel, it will intensify the splendour of the soaring height of the Chapel and the great pillars of the arcade. There is a gateway west of the ante-chapel which will be a porch to the great west doors and a physical connection with the existing secular buildings. Thus, by a series of intermediate roof-levels, the Chapel, with its great height, will be united to the lesser buildings of the school. The present unsightly west front, which has rightly been called the largest unbroken expanse of corrugated iron in the south of England, has been standing for over fifty years and is now rapidly deteriorating. In 1948 a Society called the "Friends of Lancing Chapel" was created, with the double purpose of maintaining the existing fabric and completing the building by 1968, the centenary of the laying of the foundation-stone. The Chapel has never had any endowments and has always been dependent on gifts. The Society is now appealing to all lovers of great architecture for support. The organiser is the School Chaplain, the Rev. W. R. Derry, Lancing College, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, to whom all enquiries should be addressed.

gain a great deal of ground, though the belief prevails that he has not surmounted the difficulties which have in the past prevented him from maintaining an offensive for more than a brief period.

The good Communist is expected to keep the war going, whatever his misfortunes. The prisoners of war, in particular those on Koje Island, have continued to be fighting Communist soldiers and have fought a useful campaign for their cause. When prisoners are held in such vast numbers as is here the case, Communism is always likely to make the problem of security difficult. Here it would seem that the Americans have contributed to their troubles by not maintaining and insisting on a higher standard of discipline in the camps and have made this more difficult by making the compounds too large. The prisoners have thus drawn away from their proper tasks considerable numbers of fighting troops, and it is hardly open to doubt that they have been in touch with Communist headquarters. I think the American command has now realised the nature of the problem and will eventually succeed in reducing it to smaller dimensions. At the same time, it seems unlikely



PROVIDING FOR A SLIGHT WESTWARD EXTENSION—A NEW WEST WALL WITH A LARGE ROSE WINDOW AND AN APSIDAL NARTHEX: MR. S. E. DYKES-BOWER'S DESIGN FOR THE WESTERN END OF LANCING COLLEGE CHAPEL.



CROSSING A 16-FT. CREVASSE WEDGED WITH ICE-BLOCKS OVER A BOTTOMLESS GULF: A DARING FEAT ACCOMPLISHED BY THE SWISS EXPEDITION TO MOUNT EVEREST.

In our issue of May 31 we published photographs of the initial stages of the Swiss Expedition to Mount Everest, and noted that three high camps had been established, two on the ice fall leading up the West Cwm, and the third on the south side of the mouth into the Cwm itself. To reach the site of this camp, a 16-ft. crevasse had to be crossed. Asper, youngest member of the party, tried to cross by swinging himself to a block of ice in the crevasse. "A rope was anchored with an ice-pick," writes the special correspondent of *The Times* from Khumbu Glacier on May 17, "and Asper, securely roped, chose a high spot from which to thrust himself to the ice

platform. He touched it but the rope dragged him sharply back against the wall. . . . The background to these gymnastics on a swinging rope was terrifying. The sun's rays were reflected in the gloom of that immense blue chasm . . . beyond stretched what seemed like a bottomless gulf. Acrobatics were abandoned and Asper went down 60 ft. into the crevasse. He got a foothold on the opposite side, cut a few steps and gradually lifted himself to where a stone embedded in ice offered a hold. This was surmounted . . . and in time he forced himself up to the other bank. There a hole was dug, the anchorage was secured . . . and the rope bridge went across."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, FROM SKETCHES BY A. ROCH, OF THE SWISS EXPEDITION. (PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH "THE TIMES.")

THE RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW: WINNERS, AND OUR OLYMPIC TEAM.



WINNERS OF THE CHALLENGE CUP FOR HEAVY DRAUGHT-HORSE TEAMS: MESSRS. YOUNG AND CO.'S FOUR BLACK GELDINGS, DRIVEN BY MR. J. F. MOORE.



WINNER OF THE GRADE "C" JUMPING COMPETITION: MISS MARY WHITEHEAD, RIDING HER CHESTNUT GELDING *LAST STAR* (SIRE *STARDUST*).



WINNER OF THE ALBERT DUKE OF YORK CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE TEST (*PUISSEANCE*) CHAMPIONSHIP AND THE CORONATION CHAMPION CHALLENGE CUP: MISS PAT SMYTHE ON HER *TOSCA*.



RECEIVING THE QUEEN MARY CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE BEST PONY IN THE SHOW FROM MAJOR-GENERAL THE EARL OF ATHLONE: MISS D. LEE-SMITH, ON MR. A. DEPTFORD'S *PRETTY POLLY*.



THE BRITISH OLYMPIC TEAM: LIEUT.-COLONEL LLEWELLYN, ON *MONARCH*; MR. W. WHITE, ON *NIZEFELLA*; MR. ALAN OLIVER, ON *AHERLOW*; AND MR. P. ROBESON, ON *CRAVEN A* (L. TO R.).

The Queen arrived punctually at 2.30 at the Royal Richmond Horse Show, the 52nd of the famous series, on the last day, Saturday, June 14, in a car preceded by a police officer riding *Winston*, the horse which carried her at the Birthday Parade, and drove round the ring while the huge crowd of spectators sang "God Save the Queen." She presented the rosettes to the winners of the Children's Ponies on Leading Réins who, this year, included a child of eighteen months riding in a



RECEIVING THE CHALLENGE TROPHY FOR NOVICE HARNESS PONIES FROM MRS. H. BLYDE: MRS. C. HAYDON, DRIVER OF MR. S. J. CAMPBELL'S *HUESTWOOD AUTOCRAT*.

basket saddle. She also presented the cup which she gave, when Princess Elizabeth, for the best full-dress turn-out, of Horse and Man, Household Cavalry, to the winner, L/Cpl. George Manners, on *Archie*; and remained at the Show for two hours. She also presented the Courlander Champion Challenge Cup for the champion child jumper to Keith Gibson, on *Clonmoyle* (Stocklands Riding School). Eleven coaches turned out to compete in the Coaching Marathon.

THE QUEEN PRESENTS PRIZES AT RICHMOND: TROPHY WINNERS AT THE 52ND ROYAL SHOW.



WINNER OF THE HACK CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS DE BEAUMONT'S FIVE-YEAR-OLD HONEYBUCKLE, SHOWN WITH MISS ANN DAVY UP.



WINNER OF THE EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES CHALLENGE CUP FOR HUNTERS: MR. ROGER MARMONT'S RAJAH III., RIDDEN BY MRS. HAGGAS.



WINNER OF THE EARL OF ATHLONE'S CHALLENGE CUP FOR NOVICE HUNTERS: THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD BROWN GELDING PRINCE STEPHEN, RIDDEN BY COUNT ORSSICH.



WINNER OF THE RICHMOND CHAMPION CHALLENGE CUP FOR HUNTERS AND OF THE LADY HELEN MCCALMONT CHALLENGE TROPHY: MR. W. H. COOPER'S MIGHTY ATOM, RIDDEN BY MR. R. BANKS.



PRESENTING THE CUP WHICH SHE GAVE, WHEN PRINCESS ELIZABETH, FOR THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY MILITARY CLASS, TO THIS YEAR'S WINNER, L/CPL. MANNERS OF THE BLUES ON ARCHIE: H.M. THE QUEEN.

RICHMOND Royal Horse Show is always one of the most popular events of the summer season, and this year it achieved an all-time attendance record. Princess Alice and Major-General the Earl of Athlone, President of the Show, were present each day and the weather was kind. The British Olympic jumping team had an outing at the Show, and gave a training display of jumping. In the finals for the ladies' Jubilee Challenge Cup the jumping was so excellent that the judges decided that the prize, which the directors of the show had arranged to increase, should be divided between Miss Pat Smythe, who rode her *Tosca*, and Mrs. Rich, who rode *Mansito*. Miss Smythe (whose *Prince Hal* is in training for the Olympic Games at Helsinki) also won the Puissance Test and the Coronation, Champion Challenge Cup with her *Tosca*. Mr. A. Deptford's *Pretty Polly*, ridden by eleven-year-old Miss Lee-Smith, won the 14 hands 2. class and went on to win the Queen Mary Cup for the best pony in the Show.



PRESENTING ROSETTES TO THE PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE CHILDREN'S PONIES ON LEADING REINS CLASS: H.M. THE QUEEN, HERE SHOWN WITH ALEXANDRA KENDALL, ON BRIGHT SAUCE BOX.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN. OF WATER AND WATERING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IS there any sense in the belief, so popular and widespread among gardeners, that it is a bad thing to water plants during bright sunshine? As a child I was brought up on that doctrine, and for many years I firmly believed in it.

It was not until later, many years later, that I found by practical experience that there was nothing—or practically nothing—in it. This was at my Stevenage nursery where we had many thousands of Alpine plants, grown in small pots—frames and frames, and beds and beds full of them. All through the hottest summer weather they had to be watered daily, and there were so many of them that, had we waited to start watering until sundown—as one waits in the tropics for a gin-sling or what-not—we could never have got through the work. So we were compelled to keep the hose going practically all day long, no matter how hot and brilliant the sunshine. No Alpine plant ever took the slightest harm from this, and many Alpines, I may tell you, seem to be always on the look-out for grounds—any grounds—for complaint. In the same way, on some of the most up-to-date and best-equipped market gardens, one sees great plantings of lettuces and other crops being watered from overhead by a Scotch-misty spraying system on the hottest, sunniest summer days.

It's odd how these false and misleading doctrines get started, and then stick, year after year, generation after generation, putting fear into the hearts of innocent believers, and leading to endless unnecessary work. Somebody, I suppose, once said that it was bad to water in sunshine, and having said it with sufficient solemnity, the utterance got repeated, and from that it grew into an article of faith, gathering weight as it went, like a rolled snowball. Although I have never found any harm resulting from watering during sunshine, it is on practical grounds more beneficial to do one's watering in the cool of the evening than when the sun is blazing. Water applied in the heat of the day tends to evaporate quickly, so that much moisture is lost before the plants can get full benefit from it; whereas, if given after sundown, the water is able to sink into the ground, and the plants have all the hours of darkness during which to absorb their fill.

Watering pot-plants, both in a greenhouse and in a living-room, requires quite an appreciable amount of skill and judgment, for over-watering can do some plants quite as much harm as too little. Usually an over-watered plant gives a danger signal by becoming a sickly yellow; and even dropping its leaves. The signs of under-watering or drought are more easily recognisable. Everyone knows the expressive attitude that a plant suffering from thirst assumes—that miserable droop and wilt of the leaves. Some plants there are that one can hardly over-water, whilst others are so tolerant of drought that one can go away for six months, leaving them unattended and unwatered, and, on returning home, find them little or none the worse. Such succulents as the cacti and the aloes are particularly long-suffering in this matter.

Few amateur gardeners use the best method of deciding if and when their pot-plants require watering. Usually they rely on sight and feel, or both. Looking at the soil only tells you the state of the surface, but nothing about the main mass of soil. Feeling the soil is equally uninformative. Sound is a far surer guide. Tap the side of the pot with your knuckle. If it gives a high-pitched ring the soil is

dry. If a low-pitched, muffled sound, it is wet. To demonstrate this, fill four or five pots with bone-dry soil, and an equal number with soaking-wet soil, and tap them in turn. You could distinguish the dry from the wet with certainty, blindfolded, and without touching them, beyond tapping. In the Alpine houses at my Stevenage nursery we always kept tiny wooden mallets with which the foreman tapped the pots and pans of Alpines when watering.

If for any reason the soil of a pot-plant has become quite bone-dry, by design or neglect, the best and safest way of watering it is to stand it for an hour or so in a basin of water. Only by this method can one be sure that the soil is thoroughly moistened right through to the centre.

Few things can be more distressing to a true gardener than to find himself running short of water. On the other hand, few garden operations can be more subtly satisfying than watering, with a generous, well-rosed watering-can, a bed or a group of plants which has reached the danger point, on the brink of disastrous drought. But I would emphasise that to get the utmost satisfaction and enjoyment from this most grateful of occupations, the can must be a good one, with a rose that distributes a fine, even, gentle rain. It's terrible what inefficient watering-cans some gardeners will buy!

Quite the wisest and most magnificent garden operation in connection with watering—by an amateur—that I ever saw was when the late Lionel de Rothschild started to develop his woodland garden at Exbury. There were some 200 acres of woodland in which he planned to plant rhododendrons, azaleas, magnolias, camellias and innumerable other choice trees and shrubs. The first thing he did was to bore for water, and then build a gigantic water-tower, after which he laid underground piping to carry water to every part of the woods—some twenty miles of pipe in all.

Lesser, but no less keen gardeners make do with a length of hose-pipe from the tap in the kitchen, and trust that the water

inspector won't pounce.

In my present garden I am exceptionally fortunate in the matter of water. A spring rising just below the churchyard a few hundred yards above us gives us a never-failing flow of excellent water, which feeds no fewer than four dipping-tanks, as well as getting itself pumped, electrically, to a tank at the top of the house, for domestic use. We find it kinder not to tell visitors just where our spring-water springs from.

The last and lowest of our dipping-tanks is a large cistern sunk to the rim in the ground in what was the farmyard. This potential death-trap ought by rights to be covered over, though I am ashamed to say it is only covered when grandchildren come to stay. In addition to the spring-water dipping-tanks, we have four rainwater tanks. One of these is a very large copper "copper" which has weathered to that lovely blue-green tone that copper assumes after long exposure to the weather. Another copper, still waiting to be placed, is the largest I have ever seen; a really noble garden ornament and extremely decorative. These old coppers make ideal rainwater dipping-tanks, and may be picked up, occasionally, at fairly reasonable prices. The last of our dipping-tanks takes the rainwater from a stone barn. It is one of those great iron cauldrons that one finds now and then in farmyards. This one, which "went with the place" when I bought, was, I think, used in the old days for boiling pig-swill on a large scale.

Unlike our sunken cistern, I had never thought of this great iron cauldron as either a danger or a temptation to anyone. But where large volumes of water are concerned you never can tell. Recently, Peter Pritchard came to photograph some gentle, blameless flower or other, and instead produced a grim and damning piece of evidence—of what? Problem pictures being apparently the vogue just now, I leave it at that.



"THE LAST OF OUR DIPPING-TANKS TAKES THE RAINWATER FROM A STONE BARN. IT IS ONE OF THOSE GREAT IRON CAULDRONS THAT ONE FINDS NOW AND THEN IN FARMYARDS."
"Where large volumes of water are concerned you never can tell. Recently, Peter Pritchard came to photograph some blameless flower or other, and instead produced a grim and damning piece of evidence—of what? Problem pictures being apparently the vogue just now, I leave it at that." [Photograph by Peter Pritchard.]



"FEW GARDEN OPERATIONS CAN BE MORE SUBTLY SATISFYING THAN WATERING, WITH A GENEROUS WELL-ROSED WATERING-CAN . . . BUT . . . THE CAN MUST BE A GOOD ONE WITH A ROSE THAT DISTRIBUTES A FINE, EVEN, GENTLE RAIN."
This group shows four basic types of modern watering-can, with some of the extensions and varying roses which add to their efficiency. The ingenious roses used for spreading liquid manures and weed-killers are, however, not shown. In the upper section we show two shelf cans, of the kind generally used in greenhouses, one oval, the other pear-shaped; while below we show (left) a standard can and what is somewhat deceptively called a "decorating" can which is used for indoor jobs, watering small plants, bulb-bowls and filling vases.
Photograph by courtesy of J. Haws, Ltd., Bishop's Stortford.

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A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, for as the new copy arrives each week the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. It also solves the problem of packing and other difficulties which arise when sending a gift to friends overseas. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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"YOUNG MAGPIE"—A 16TH-CENTURY DRAWING IN BODY-COLOUR BY AN UNKNOWN OLD MASTER.

THE magpie, whose black-and-white plumage renders it a particularly decorative bird, is traditionally connected with witchcraft, signs, omens and magic, a reputation to which Shakespeare refers in "Macbeth." This superb study of a young magpie painted in body-colour on a sheet of MS. ($7\frac{1}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins.) which has been covered with a grey preparation, is one of the remarkable series of 131 drawings of animals, mostly birds, and plants, from Compton Place, Eastbourne, in the Devonshire Collection; and is the work of an unknown artist of exceptional skill. It is a late 16th-Century or early 17th-Century work, possibly painted north of the Alps. The collection of animal drawings—not all by the same hand—was acquired before 1750. It is on view at the Chatsworth Special Exhibition of the Devonshire Art Treasures, closing September 28.



IN A TREE-TOP EYRIE IN BANFFSHIRE: A HEN GOLDEN EAGLE LOOKING UP DURING A PAUSE IN THE FEEDING OF HER CHICKS. THE MASSIVE NEST IS MADE MAINLY OF HEATHER.

Two striking colour photographs of Golden Eagles, taken by Mr. Walter E. Higham in the Scottish Highlands, are reproduced above and on the facing page. One shows a Golden Eagle in a mountain eyrie, and the other a bird with her chicks in a tree-top eyrie. The latter photograph, which is reproduced above, was taken on a large estate in Banffshire, where for some time a pair of eagles had nested in trees. The occupied nest was situated at the top of a glen, some four miles walk from the lodge. The tree itself grew on the side of a steep bank, and it was possible to climb up the bank and look right into the

nest. By building a buttress, it was possible to make a level platform, and upon this the hide was erected from which Mr. Higham took his photographs. The normal clutch of eggs is two, but occasionally only one is laid. The eggs take about forty days to hatch, and the youngsters remain in the nest the best part of three months. Rabbits and rats were brought to the nest, but in this instance the staple food was grouse. The massive nest, which consisted of branches of trees or heather, lined with dried grasses or reeds, was being used for the second successive year.

A Natural-colour Photograph by Walter E. Higham, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.



IN A ROCKY EYRIE ON THE EDGE OF THE CAIRNGORMS: A HEN GOLDEN EAGLE SPREADING HER WINGS TO PROTECT THE YOUNG CHICKS FROM THE RAYS OF THE SUN.

A unique series of photographs of the Golden Eagle, one of the most magnificent of British birds, appeared in our issue of July 28, 1951. These photographs were taken by Mr. Walter E. Higham, who also contributed an interesting article in which he described the location of the eagles' eyries and the manner in which the photographs were taken. On this, and the facing page, we reproduce two of his natural-colour photographs, one taken in a rocky eyrie and the other in a tree-top eyrie. The rocky eyrie, shown above, was situated in Inverness-shire, at the edge of the Cairngorms, and was at snow level; the

hen, which can be seen in the photograph on this page, was a very large one. The female is usually the larger of the pair, and it was particularly noticeable in this case. When the sun shone directly into the nest in the late afternoon the hen spread her wings over it to protect her young chicks from the rays. The cock brought food at times to the nest, whilst the hen was also there; he never stopped longer than ten to fifteen seconds, and once he was satisfied that all was well, he departed. Grouse was the chief diet at both nests, and the remains of a grouse can be seen in the above photograph, to the right of the hen bird.

A Natural-colour Photograph by Walter E. Higham, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.



ADORNED WITH A CROWDED ASSEMBLY OF BRILLIANTLY COLOURED FIGURES OF DEITIES AND SACRED PERSONAGES DRAWN FROM THE INEXHAUSTIBLE STORE OF HINDU MYTHOLOGY: THE GOPURA, OR GATE PYRAMID, OF THE MYLAPORE TEMPLE, MADRAS, AN INTERESTING IF NOT ARTISTICALLY SATISFYING FEATURE OF DRAVIDIAN ARCHITECTURE.

THE *gopura*, or gate pyramid, is one of the outstanding features of Dravidian (A.D. 1350-1750) architecture as displayed in the temples of Southern India. These structures are highly elaborate, in some cases rising from 150 to 200 ft., with occasionally as many as sixteen storeys. A corridor passes through the base of the *gopura*, with rooms on either side for guardians and door-keepers, and a staircase leads to wide landings on each storey. The two lowest storeys are vertical, usually built of stone to form a strong support for the upper structure of brick and plaster, with sloping or "battered" sides. The later examples are embellished with great groups of statuary representing "all the mystic and many-armed deities of the

Continued opposite.



DETAIL OF THE ELABORATE PLASTIC ORNAMENTATION OF THE GOPURA OF MYLAPORE TEMPLE, MADRAS: ELEPHANTS, SACRED COWS AND GANESA, THE ELEPHANT-HEADED GOD, ARE AMONG THE DISTINGUISHABLE FIGURES.

Continued.]

Saiva Pantheon infinitely multiplied and repeated and reduced and carried in rising ranks and receding tiers up to the horns of the topmost roof," a vast assembly drawn from the inexhaustible storehouse of Hindu mythology. Sometimes over a thousand life-size figures adorn a *gopura*. The buildings are entrances to the enclosures round the shrines and sacred lakes or water-tanks, with flights of steps, all grouped together with little regard for symmetry and enclosed by a high wall as in Egyptian temples. Indeed, the *gopuras* in form and purpose resemble the pylons of Egyptian temples. The roof is a fantastic production, with cornuted gables, its ridge-line breaking into a row of tall pinnacles to form an appropriate climax to the "fretted and pullulating mass below."

A GREAT COMPOSITE SYMBOL OF ESSENTIAL HINDUISM: THE MYLAPORE TEMPLE GOPURA, OR GATE PYRAMID, EMBELLISHED WITH STATUARY REPRESENTING DEITIES OF THE SAIVA PANTHEON.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CREATIVE FANTASIES IN ANIMALS.

THE fallow deer are growing fresh antlers. Some time ago they shed the old ones; now their heads are decorated with velvet buds, and in due course the preposterous spread of branching bone will have reached its maximum growth. Then will come the rutting season, and after that the full cycle of antler loss and re-growth will be repeated. It is tacitly assumed that the antlers are weapons, yet for



IN COMMON WITH SO MANY LIVING PHENOMENA TO BE MORE APTLY REGARDED AS A MANIFESTATION OF A CREATIVE DRIVE THAN AS A STRUCTURE HAVING A PRACTICAL VALUE: THE ANTLERS OF A FALLOW DEER WHICH CANNOT HAVE MUCH PURPOSE AS OFFENSIVE OR DEFENSIVE WEAPONS OR AS A MEANS OF SECURING A MATE, BEING, FOR THEIR SIZE AND THE GROWTH-ENERGY THEY REPRESENT, SINGULARLY USELESS.

most of the year the bucks are without them, or they are growing new ones, covered with a highly-sensitive velvet at first, so that more than a gentle touch on them must be painful. And when they are fully mature, there is no more absurd sight in the whole animal kingdom than a herd of fallow deer in flight. At the centre of the herd are grouped the bucks, their antlers showing up as a tangled mass, as they move off surrounded by a protective screen of does. If flight takes the herd through a gap in a fence it is the bucks that lead the way to cover; and this, even when their so-called "weapons" are fully mature.

It might be argued that antlers are weapons reserved for fights between rival males, but such fights are mock battles, and even though antlers may be used, so also is butting with the head, striking with the hoofs, and anything else that happens to be convenient. In any event, only in exceptional cases is injury done, and a battle to the death is a very rare sight indeed and usually the result of an accident, such as the antlers of the contestants being inextricably locked. Fights between rival males, of whatever species, fish, flesh or fowl, are mainly a matter of intimidation by a show of force. Only where man has bred selectively, as in the fighting fish of Siam or the game-cock, do we find it otherwise.

But the antlers must have some function to fulfil and so we fall back on the assumption that they are an aid to successful mating. It has been the accepted idea that a fine spread of antlers appeals to some æsthetic sense in the hind. Certainly, the red deer with the largest spread usually has the largest harem, but he is also the oldest, and therefore the most experienced, and usually the one with the most vitality. On the other hand, the hummel, the stag without antlers at all, is just as successful as his fellows burdened with this spread of bone. If the hinds exercise any choice of a mate it must be done in a very subtle way, for the one strong impression retained after watching the deer through the breeding season is the marked indifference of the hinds to the rampaging of the stags. Indifference seems to be the keynote of the hinds' behaviour, for they will readily mate with a young stag while their lord and master, as we choose to call him, is busy defending his harem elsewhere.

Successful propagation of deer would continue even if antlers were completely lost, other things being equal, and the best way to interpret their function is by reference to comparable things elsewhere in the animal kingdom. Our common wren gives us a clue.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

As with other species of birds, the culmination of courtship in the wren is the building of the nest, mating, the laying of eggs and their incubation. During this time, the male builds anything up to a dozen other nests, known as cock-nests. They are of the same design as the functional nest, and just as

complete, except that they are unlined. The hen lines the one nest that is used with feathers; and she is too busy bearing the major burden of reproduction to line more than the one. Cock-nests are an extravagance, the outcome of a continuing drive to create. They are a behavioural excrescence having the same origin and function as the structural excrescence we call antlers in a stag.

The reproductive drive, as it is called by the modern

school of animal behaviourists, is defined as the complex of internal and external states and stimuli leading to a given behaviour which results in reproduction or propagation. To recognise a reproductive drive is to narrow the field of vision for purposes of study. It is a convenience to do this, but it would be misleading to suppose that such a drive is unrelated to the rest of the life of the organism. Reproduction and growth are related phenomena, or, rather, expressions of the same phenomenon, a creative impulse. To be in line with modern terminology, perhaps it should be called a creative drive, and the creative drive, common to all living things and its possession marking the living from the non-living worlds, starts with the first inception of the organism and ends only with its death.

It manifests itself in a variety of ways, some of which are coincident with the more intense periods leading to the discrete act of reproduction. And it is only by recognising the universality of the creative drive, as opposed to the narrow limits of a purely reproductive drive, that many of its manifestations can be put into correct perspective.

It seems to me that too much is made of bright colours and ornamentation. To assume, for example,

that a duck chooses as a mate the drake with the brightest colours is to take a great deal for granted. In any case, bright colours are found equally in sea-anemones, and other of the lower animals, that neither need, nor would be capable of exercising any choice. There is, however, a striking parallel with human fashions. The more ornate the dress, the more likely are we to find the flamboyant manners and ceremonials. Roughly, there is the same correlation in animals. Generally speaking, the more gaudy the colours, the more elaborate the displays and ceremonies used. In other words, there is no more in it than this, that the colours and ornaments arise independently of a reproductive drive, even although they may be used in the courtship and mating ceremonials. Their use is, however, incidental.

The fantastic plumage and courtship display of the birds-of-paradise have made for no more success in the propagation of the species than have the drab plumage and simple display of the house sparrow. The magnificent display of antlers and the roaring and rampaging of the stags of larger deer do not more ensure the continuation of the species than the relatively unadorned head and simple behaviour of a smaller deer, say, a muntjac. These extravagances of structure and behaviour enter into the reproductive drive but belong to a wider expression of living activity. Man has built his heritage through the strength of his creative drive, and his buildings, his arts and his science are expressions of it. Everywhere in the animal kingdom can be found parallels to the various facets of human activity, but whereas each animal species displays one, or at most a few, of these facets in human behaviour, they are all synthesized. The bower-bird that builds its bower of sticks and decorates it with flowers, shells and feathers, parallels one aspect of human behaviour. The one that "paints" the bower with the juices of coloured berries goes a step further, while the one that builds a hut of twigs and plants a garden in front comes so very much nearer the human. Although in bower-birds these things are obviously linked with the reproductive drive, they must also be, as in humans, the expression of a broader phenomenon.

The fact that a bodily activity manifests itself in a solid structure attached to the body, say, antlers or feathers, instead of a trick of behaviour



THE PINTAIL DUCK AND DRAKE: IN COMMON WITH MOST SPECIES OF BIRDS, THE MALE HAS THE MORE SHOWY PLUMAGE, WHICH IS USUALLY INTERPRETED AS A NECESSARY ADJUNCT TO COURTSHIP DISPLAY.

It is significant that the greater brilliance of colour in animals is a feature of the Tropics: of land animals, birds and butterflies, and of marine animals as well. In other words, it is physiological. Conversely, animals with sombre colours, and noticeably those species in which the male and female are similarly coloured, propagate as successfully as those in which colour is so pronounced a feature of the male. Colour of plumage in the male can, like the antlers of stags, be regarded as a physiological extravagance, a product of a universal creative drive.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

which is transitory, is neither here nor there. The energy for both has the same source and serves the same purpose, even though we call the one structural and the other behavioural. The stag's antlers are as much an expression of a creative drive as the decorated bower of a bower-bird, and no less an expression of the creative impulse because they are more directly linked with a reproductive drive.

ATHLETIC TRIUMPHS, AND THE WIGHTMAN CUP.



WINNING THE 100 YARDS IN THE W.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS: MISS HEATHER ARMITAGE (RIGHT), WHOSE TIME OF 10'9" SECS. WOULD HAVE JUSTIFIED A CLAIM FOR A BRITISH RECORD HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR A STRONG FOLLOWING WIND.



SETTING UP A NEW MILE RECORD AT THE WHITE CITY: MISS A. OLIVER, WHOSE TIME OF 5 MINS. 11 SECS. BEAT THE BRITISH RECORD.



THE MAN WHO BROKE THE WORLD MARATHON RECORD ON JUNE 14: J. H. PETERS, OF THE ESSEX BEAGLES, CROSSING THE FINISHING-LINE AT CHISWICK.



PRESENTING THE WIGHTMAN CUP TO THE VICTORIOUS U.S. TEAM AT WIMBLEDON: THE DUCHESS OF KENT, ON WHOSE LEFT ARE MISS HART AND MISS CONNOLLY; AND, RIGHT, MRS. BUCK (NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN), MISS FRY AND MISS BROUGH.

The outstanding athletic feat on June 14 was the great performance of J. H. Peters, of the Essex Beagles, who returned the almost unbelievable time of 2 hours 20 mins. 42.2 secs. in winning the Windsor to Chiswick Marathon race over the full Olympic distance of 26 miles 385 yards. This time is 5 mins. 24.8 secs. faster than the world's previous best time of 2 hours 26 mins. 7 secs. set up by a Korean runner at Pusan recently. S. E. W. Cox was second in 2 hours 21 mins. 42 secs.; and also beat the previous best time. In the women's A.A.A. championships at the White City on June 14 many records were made and the Olympic selection of our team decided. Miss H. Armitage had her time record of 10'9" secs. in the 100 yards disallowed owing to an aiding wind of 12 m.p.h. At Wimbledon the Americans again won a resounding victory in the Wightman Cup, which they won by seven matches to none.

A RUSSIAN ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT.

In our issue of June 14 we published a photograph showing a section of the new Volga-Don Canal, which was opened on May 31 and runs for 63 miles, from Stalingrad, on the Volga, to Kalach, on the Don. Here we show further views and a map of this outstanding engineering achievement which has linked the Baltic and the White Sea in the north to the Caspian, the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov in the south. The new canal, besides providing the means of transport for bulk cargo, also makes available water for irrigating wide areas. As will be seen from the map, the canal system comprises a number of pumping stations which lift the water from the River Don to a height of about 140 ft. and pass it through a series of reservoirs before it flows through a number of locks to join the Volga. The creation of the Tsimlyansk reservoir on the River Don has raised the level of the river by some 90 ft., thus making the lower Don navigable to Volga shipping.



STRETCHING FROM STALINGRAD, ON THE VOLGA, TO KALACH, ON THE DON: THE NEW RUSSIAN VOLGA-DON CANAL—A MAP SHOWING THE PUMPING STATIONS, LOCKS AND RESERVOIRS OF THIS OUTSTANDING ENGINEERING FEAT, WHICH WAS COMPLETED ON MAY 31.



THE LAST LINK IN A CHAIN CONNECTING THE BALTIC AND THE WHITE SEA IN THE NORTH, TO THE CASPIAN, THE BLACK SEA AND THE SEA OF AZOV IN THE SOUTH: A VIEW OF ONE OF THE LOCKS ON THE RECENTLY-COMPLETED VOLGA-DON CANAL.



PROVIDING WATER FOR IRRIGATING WIDE AREAS AND A MEANS OF TRANSPORT BETWEEN TWO GREAT RIVERS: A SECTION OF THE NEW VOLGA-DON CANAL.



BUILDING A ROAD UNDER AN AIRPORT: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE 2000-FT.-LONG TUNNEL WHICH IS BEING CONSTRUCTED UNDER THE NO. 1 RUNWAY AT LONDON AIRPORT—BRITAIN'S BUSIEST AIRFIELD.

This remarkable aerial photograph presents what is otherwise impossible—a comprehensive view of the progress which is being made with the great vehicle tunnel which is being built across London Airport to link the Bath Road with the new main south terminal disembarkation area. As can be seen in the photograph this huge subway—2000 ft. long and 80 ft. wide—is being constructed by the open cut method, and already 600,000 cubic yards of earth have been excavated. The tunnel consists of two carriage-ways, each 25 ft. wide, with two suspended

cycle tracks. In the foreground are huge derricks and travelling shutters for the walls. The floor of the tunnel is about 30 ft. below ground-level and there is to be a 10-ft. cover of soil over the roof. It passes under No. 1 Runway, which is normally the busiest, but recently traffic has been diverted to No. 5 Runway. During 1951 London Airport became Britain's busiest, beating Northolt with 796,092 passengers against 749,727. The main work of the tunnel, which is being done by Taylor Woodrow, Ltd., is expected to be completed by the end of the year.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: A PICTORIAL SURVEY.



A GREAT BUILDING AND TRAFFIC PROJECT IN VENEZUELA: THE AVENIDA BOLIVAR UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN CARACAS.

A great building and traffic project is now being undertaken in Caracas, Venezuela, to be known as the Avenida Bolívar, in honour of South America's Liberator. It takes the form of an eight-lane highway flanked by large buildings, the first two of which have now, been completed and may be seen in the foreground of our photograph.



OPERATING A RADIO-CONTROLLED OVERHEAD CRANE: A DEMONSTRATION AT THE MECHANICAL HANDLING EXHIBITION.

A feature of the Mechanical Handling Exhibition at Olympia (June 4-14) was a three-ton radio-controlled overhead travelling crane which could be operated at a distance by means of a portable radio unit, its performance being followed on a television screen. It was designed particularly for use in chemical or atomic energy plants.

EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: RECORDED BY CAMERA.



IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO: THE S.S. JOHNSTOWN APPROACHING THE MICHIGAN AVENUE BRIDGE.

Our photograph shows the S.S. *Johnstown*, the largest vessel ever to navigate the Illinois water system, approaching the Michigan Avenue Bridge in Chicago when en route to Lake Michigan. The ship is 629 ft. long and was recently completed in Baltimore for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and has joined the Corporation's Great Lakes fleet.



BUILT FOR THE USE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO SAUDI ARABIA: THE 35-FT. DIESEL-ENGINED LAUNCH UNICORN ON HER TRIALS AT HAMPTON-ON-THAMES.

The launch *Unicorn* has been built at the Hampton-on-Thames yard of John I. Thornycroft and Co. to the order of the Foreign Office and is for the use of the British Ambassador at Jeddah, Saudi-Arabia. Owing to the shallow water at Jeddah, vessels have to lie some distance offshore, and the launch will be used principally for the transport of the Ambassador when visiting ships of the Royal Navy or the Merchant Navy. At other times she will be employed in collecting the Diplomatic mail.



A NEW CANADIAN ICE-BREAKER WITH A LANDING-DECK CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING TWO HELICOPTERS: A DRAWING OF THE NEW ARCTIC PATROL VESSEL H.M.C.S. LABRADOR.

Mrs. Louis St. Laurent, wife of the Prime Minister, arranged to name the new 5,400-ton Canadian Arctic patrol vessel, H.M.C.S. *Labrador*, at a ceremony at Sorel on June 14. Built in the yards of Marine Industries Ltd. at Sorel, Quebec, for the Royal Canadian Navy, the new vessel, which will serve as an ice-breaker, has a landing-deck capable of accommodating two helicopters. These aircraft have already proved invaluable for various tasks in Arctic waters where the conventional aircraft may be unable to operate.



STABBED TO DEATH IN A LONDON HOTEL: MRS. CHRISTINE GRANVILLE, FORMERLY THE COUNTESS SKARBK.

It was reported on June 16 that Mrs. Christine Granville, formerly the Polish Countess Skarbek, had been found stabbed to death in the hall of a London hotel. Mrs. Granville worked as a British secret agent during World War II, and was awarded the George Medal, the Order of the British Empire and the Croix de Guerre.



DIVING FROM A TOWER 128 FT. HIGH TO EARN MONEY FOR HIS CHURCH: FATHER SIMON'S FEAT.

In order to earn enough money to rebuild his church, a French priest, Father Simon, dived from a tower 128 ft. high into the River Marne, near Paris, on June 8. His spectacular performance was watched by a large crowd on the banks. The viaduct in the background of our photograph is 10 ft. lower than the tower.



WEARING THE NEW ROYAL CYPHER ON HIS TUDOR UNIFORM: A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.

At the Presentation Parties the members of the Queen's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard have been wearing for the first time the new Royal cypher on their Tudor uniforms. This photograph was taken at St. James's Palace on June 12 when the Yeomen of the Guard were parading for duty at Buckingham Palace.

OCCASIONS MARINE, MILITARY AND RELIGIOUS, DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE ANIMAL WORLD.



BEACHED AT FAIRLIGHT, NEAR HASTINGS, AFTER A COLLISION: THE ARDROSSAN STEAMER *BARON DOUGLAS* WITH TUGS AND A SALVAGE VESSEL STANDING BY.
The Ardrossan steamer *Baron Douglas* (3899 tons) was beached at Fairlight, near Hastings, after a collision on June 14 with a Yugoslav ship. Her crew of thirty-one were taken off by the Hastings and Eastbourne lifeboats, and she was being towed to Dover, when it was found necessary to beach her. The Eastbourne lifeboat stood by all night, because the captain and officers were still on board. Hundreds of sightseers watched the salvage operations from the cliffs.



MEETING A DOG WITH A FINE RECORD: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER (RIGHT) WITH *AMOUR*, AN ALSATIAN WHO RECENTLY NOSED OUT TWO BANDITS.
During his tour of Malacca General Sir Gerald Templer met *Amour*, an Alsatian who has been distinguishing himself on patrols. The dog is seen in our photograph with his handler, Lance-Corporal G. Dalton of the Green Howards. On the left is Captain J. Barloe, Company Commander, who was recently awarded the Military Cross. General Templer left Singapore on June 15 for a brief visit to London for consultations with Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary.



AN UNUSUAL VISITOR TO A CANAL LOCK: H.M. MIDGET SUBMARINE *XEIX* LEAVING THE LOCK AT BOWLING, ON THE FORTH AND CLYDE CANAL, EN ROUTE FOR THE FORTH.
On June 14 one of the Royal Navy's midget submarines, No. *XEIX* (Lieutenant W. R. Ricketts) began a voyage across Scotland—via the Forth and Clyde canal. Our photograph shows her leaving the first lock from the Clyde (at Bowling) en route for the Firth of Forth, where she was to take part in forthcoming naval exercises. These tiny submarines have a normal complement of three, and pictures of the interior of one of them at sea appeared in our issue of May 24.



THE BISHOP OF PITTSBURGH, DR. AUSTIN PARDUE, PREACHING IN ST. PAUL'S AT THE ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION SERVICE AFFIRMING UNITY IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND PEACE.
Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, the American Ambassador and Mrs. Gifford, and the High Commissioners (or their representatives) of the Commonwealth countries were among the large congregation at a service at St. Paul's Cathedral, sponsored by the English Speaking Union, to affirm the unity in purpose of the peoples of the Commonwealth and the United States of America in the cause of freedom and world peace. Sir Bracewell Smith deputised for the Lord Mayor.



PAYING A VISIT TO THE NATIONAL AQUARIUM EXHIBITION IN THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL HALL: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE PRIME MINISTER, WHO TOURED THE WHOLE EXHIBITION.
After attending the Lingfield Park race meeting on June 13, Mr. Churchill paid a visit to the National Aquarium Exhibition at Westminster. After touring the whole exhibition, in which 25,000 fish were on view in 2000 tanks, the Prime Minister received a certificate of membership of the National Aquarists' Society from its president, Mr. Katterns. Mr. Churchill is to be presented with a pair of Siamese Red fighting fish by the Society.



WINCHESTER COLLEGE COMBINED CADET FORCE INSPECTED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY AN AMERICAN GENERAL: GENERAL A. M. GRUENTHER, CHIEF OF STAFF, S.H.A.P.E. (CENTRE).
On June 11 General Gruenther, Chief of Staff, S.H.A.P.E., inspected the Combined Cadet Force of Winchester College in College Meads—the first occasion that the Contingent has been inspected by a U.S. General. The parade consisted of 365 cadets and nine officers, and was under the command of Lieut.-Colonel G. R. Hamilton, O.B.E., T.D. The General also inspected some training displays and was particularly interested in the artillery training with a 25-pounder.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SPEAKING THEIR MINDS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IF I were to compile any new anthology of invective, it would include copious extracts from "Timon of Athens." In this play Shakespeare is letting off steam in all directions. Timon, as misanthrope, rails



"IT IS A PLAY OFTEN HARSHLY MAGNIFICENT IN ITS GALE-FORCE SWOOPING, ITS LUNGING VERSE": "TIMON OF ATHENS," ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S LESS FAMILIAR PLAYS, AT THE OLD VIC. THE SCENE IN WHICH TIMON (ANDRÉ MORELL), STRIPPED OF HIS RICH GARMENTS, IS RESTRAINED FROM FORCIBLY ATTACKING HIS CREDITORS.

so loudly against mankind that (says an urbane friend, whom I forgive) he might almost be taken for a drama critic. There is, I suppose, something loosening and refreshing in a good burst of sustained invective; but not many dramatists manage to cannonade in this fashion on the stage. For the listener there must be a certain monotony—"hard words cannot hurt me" is the nursery rune—and even "Timon," which Ivor Brown has called a great Communion Service, can lapse briefly into dullness.

This aside, it is a play often harshly magnificent in its gale-force swooping, its lunging verse. Timon himself is an intensely difficult part. The Athenian who, in the first half of the night, is a serene, generous patron, a patrician unruffled, must turn suddenly to the snarling misanthrope, the wild man of woods and shore. Every Timon I have heard has made something of the early scenes but struggled with the last. André Morell, at the Old Vic, is true to form. He is an actor of fine presence, persuasively the lord Timon of Athenian bounty ("to Lacedæmon did my lands extend") and with a voice apt for the verse. But he has not variety enough for the storm in the last acts. Just as Mary Ellis's Volumnia, at Stratford this year, does not carry thunderbolts in her bag, so Mr. Morell's Timon is not wholly a lord of the lightning. Nevertheless, his voice and stamina do not fail him, and at the last he is able to carry off the superb "embossed froth" speech that is Timon's farewell to the cruel world.

In this one-man play other people can only stand back and watch, or act as targets for Timon's fury. Maybe Apemantus gives as much as he gets. He is a professional cynic; Leo McKern speaks him with some bite. Among the rest in the blistering attack upon ingratitude, I think of Alcibiades, who has his own reason for loathing the Senate, and whom Peter Coke does his excellent best to turn from a sketch to a portrait. Will Leighton is, distractedly, the steward who has the famous "crux" line about the "wasteful cock"; and John Phillips (who has played Timon himself, and richly, in modern dress at Birmingham) and David Waller enjoy themselves as a pair of weedy parasites. The only two women in "Timon" matter nothing at all. Shakespeare introduces them in order that womankind can be mown down in a few misanthropic bursts. Lady Benson, who loathed the play, once described her appearance in the Stratford revival of 1892: "I preferred to dance in the Masque (Act I.) and I have a hazy memory of throwing off wreaths and garments broadcast, in 'luxurious abandonment,' and getting off at the end of the act for a pleasant hour on the river."

Tyrone Guthrie has ignored the masque. But he has treated the rest of the first half with his usual lively imagination. (The play he holds to be a satirical drive at the deceitfulness of riches and at materialism.) It is a pity that he let his sense of humour carry him off after the cry, "Uncover, dogs, and lap," and the drenching of the parasites with lukewarm water. The senators need not have been guyed so much as they are

here in a scene that is pantomime fooling. Otherwise, the text is presented with all care, though the second half suffers, as I say, from a plethora of curses and a lack of action, and Guthrie has not been wise to allow Timon to pop up like a demon from a stage trap. I wonder, by the way, if many in the Vic on the first night remembered Leigh Hunt on Kean: "The finest scene in the whole performance was the one with Alcibiades."

First, you heard a sprightly quick march playing in the distance; Kean started, listened, and leaned in a fixed and angry manner on his spade, with frowning eyes, and lips full of the truest feeling, compressed but not much so; he seemed as if resolved not to be deceived, even by the charm of a thing inanimate. . . . I suggest that anyone who has listened to "Timon of Athens" in a fixed and angry manner should now read the play quietly, and notice how line after line will start from the text: "He ne'er drinks. But Timon's silver treads upon his lip";

"We must all part into this sea of air"; ". . . Embalms and spices to the April day again"; "Moss'd trees that have outliv'd the eagle"; "The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears"; "Whom once a day with his embossed froth The turbulent surge shall cover"; "And I will use the olive, with my sword." As for the invective:

Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace,
justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest,
and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners,
mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances,
customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding
contraries,
And yet confusion live. . . .



"STERN WORK IN CHANCERY LANE": "MEET MR. CALLAGHAN," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE. THE PLAY IS ADAPTED BY GERALD VERNER FROM PETER CHEYNEY'S FAMOUS NOVEL, "THE URGENT HANGMAN." OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A SCENE IN SLIM CALLAGHAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN CHANCERY LANE, WITH (L. TO R.) SLIM CALLAGHAN (TERENCE DE MARNEY); DARKIE (LARRY BURNS) AND MIKE JENGEL (MICHAEL PARTRIDGE).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MEET MR. CALLAGHAN" (Garrick).—Stern work in Chancery Lane. (May 27.)
"TIMON OF ATHENS" (Old Vic).—A rarity, imaginatively staged. (May 28.)
"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Open Air).—Summer in Arden on the Regent's Park lawn, with Mary Kerridge a Rosalind who will develop, and Basil Hoskins a first-rate Orlando. (May 29.)
"COLD TURKEY" (Comedy).—Ill-fated nonsensical melodrama. (May 29-June 7.)
"MURDER IN MOTLEY" (Fortune).—A competent revival of a puzzle-play from the 'thirties. (May 30.)
LENA HORNE AND VARIETY (Palladium).—A singer with personality. (June 2-14.)
"QUEEN ELIZABETH" (Buckland Abbey, Devon).—Good work by Christine Colling and L. Irving Briggs in a revival, by amateurs, in the Tithe Barn. (June 2-7.)
"HOBSON'S CHOICE" (Arts).—The salt of Salford in the 'eighties. (June 4.)

High words: the invective in a rather different play, "Meet Mr. Callaghan" (Garrick) sounds poorly after it. But then, in this version of a Peter Cheyney novel (Gerald Verner is the dramatist) we must concentrate more on the tale itself than the manner of the telling. Shamefully, I had not read a Cheyney before, so I was unprepared for the dusty upper floor in Chancery Lane (which could be advertised curtly as "Large rm., all convs., gas fire, view of Pub. Record Office, back strece. for quick escapes"). Slim Callaghan, its private-detective tenant, proved to be a seedy, shady type with a quick brain and, no doubt, a heart of gold. He seems to have been educated at every street-corner in Chicago. No one without his peculiar background could have so effectively disposed of the brothers, from a large and thuggish family, who arrived one by one, dope-ridden or pistol-packing, in various stages of dejection and bravado. I wish we had been able to see the Meraulton sisters (if any), who would plainly have had their early education at St. Trinian's and gone to another kind of finishing school.

I am in a difficulty here, because a stray word might tell you why the body was in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or explain the matter of the two wills. All I can say is that Callaghan—with the Yard watching him—



"THE SALT OF SALFORD IN THE 'EIGHTIES": "HOBSON'S CHOICE," AT THE ARTS THEATRE; A SCENE DURING MAGGIE HOBSON'S WEDDING BREAKFAST, SHOWING (LEFT) MAGGIE HOBSON (PAULINE JAMESON) AND HER HUSBAND, WILLIAM MOSSOP (DONALD PLEASANCE), WHO IS REPLYING TO THE FAMILY'S GOOD WISHES.

comes out on top after several scenes (pleasing to addicts) of insinuation, invective, double-crossing, chain-smoking, and the rustle-and-scatter of banknotes. Most visitors to Chancery Lane carry a fortune; but Terence de Marney, who knows everything about Callaghan, very soon relieves them of it.

The sight of so much money would have perturbed Hobson, of "Hobson's Choice," the Salford bootmaker whose subjection is the theme of the famous Brighouse comedy. The Arts has revived it, another sound choice for a theatre that (since Alec Clunes came in 1942) has had ten years of high service to the London playgoer. Brighouse's play, with its straight-flung Lancashire speech, is acted as it should be by David Bird of the husky, gritty voice, Donald Pleasance (new lord of the boot-and-shoe business) and Pauline Jameson as the managing Maggie, who speaks her mind at all times.

I met, down in the Tithe Barn at Buckland Abbey, in Devon, a managing woman of another sort, Queen Elizabeth the First, who dominates Hugh Ross Williamson's fine portrait-play, set at the time of the Anjou betrothal.

The Friends of Plymouth Art Gallery and Buckland Abbey had the good sense to choose this for production on an Elizabethan apron-stage in the vast, lofty Barn that Drake—who lived at Buckland—would have known. It proved to be an exciting experience, especially when Elizabeth, in the last act, received the Spanish Ambassador, who had asked for Drake's head. King Harry's daughter could speak her mind. What a play Shakespeare might have written about the first Elizabeth! That is one of the lost masterpieces of the world.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



SURVIVORS OF THE TRAGIC CHANNEL AIR CRASH: MR. B. H. BOWRING (LEFT) AND MR. D. I. CHISHOLM. Five of the passengers and the pilot lost their lives when a *Consul* aircraft flying from Croydon to France with seven passengers came down in the Channel on June 14. The aircraft developed engine trouble and fell into the sea. About two-and-a-half hours later five people were picked up by an American cargo-ship, but only two, seen above, survived.



KING TALAL OF JORDAN. Has been suffering from a mental illness which resulted in his going to Paris for treatment last month. On June 4 the Jordan Government announced the appointment of a Regency Council to act for King Talal. At the time of writing he is in Lausanne, where it is hoped he will enter a clinic.



CROWN PRINCE HUSSEIN OF JORDAN. Returned on June 10 to resume his studies at Harrow, from which he had been given special leave to visit his mother, Queen Zain. Crown Prince Hussein, who is seventeen, comes of age next May. It is feared in Amman that his father, King Talal, may never be fit to rule again.



SIR JAMES IRVINE. Died on June 12, aged seventy-five. He had been Vice-Chancellor and Principal of the University of St. Andrews since 1921. His work for education and for chemical studies brought him many honours. He was elected a F.R.S. in 1918 and awarded its Davy medal in 1926. Knighted in 1925; promoted K.B.E., 1948.



DR. ADOLF BUSCH. Died suddenly at Guildford, Vermont, on June 9, aged sixty. Dr. Busch, violinist and composer, was appointed leader of the Vienna Concertverein Orchestra when 21, and became world famous as leader of the Busch Quartet. When Hitler came to power he renounced his German nationality and became a naturalised Swiss.



APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO LONDON IN SUCCESSION TO MR. ZARUBIN: MR. ANDREI GROMYKO. Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, has been appointed Ambassador to London in succession to Mr. Zarubin. Mr. Gromyko, who will be forty-three next month, was Soviet Ambassador to the United States from 1943-46. For three years from 1946 he was prominent at the Security Council, where he was chief Russian delegate and used the veto on many occasions.



THE DEATH OF A DETERMINED OPPONENT OF NAZISM: CARDINAL FAULHABER. Dr. von Faulhaber, Cardinal-Archbishop of Munich, died on June 12, aged eighty-three. He was a fearless opponent of Nazism both before and during the Hitler regime. He was decorated by President Heuss with the Grand Cross of the Order of Service for his fight against the Nazis. Hitler banned the publication of his sermons after he called the Nazi creed paganism, and urged Christians to unite against it.



THE GREEK ROYAL VISIT TO TURKEY: KING PAUL AND QUEEN FREDERIKA OF THE HELLENES LEAVING ISTANBUL FOR ANKARA WITH MR. KÖPRÜLÜ (LEFT). King Paul and Queen Frederika of the Hellenes arrived at Istanbul in the cruiser *Helle* on June 8 for a seven-day State visit to Turkey. Our photograph shows the Royal couple leaving by train for Ankara with Mr. Köprülü, the Turkish Foreign Minister. They were met in the Turkish capital by President Bayar, Mr. Menderes, the Prime Minister, Mr. Koraltan, President of the Grand National Assembly, and other leading figures. King Paul and Queen Frederika left Turkey for Athens on June 15.



READING "RHEE FOR PRESIDENT" LETTERS: DR. SYNGMAN RHEE (SEATED). The political crisis in South Korea arose over the Presidential election which takes place this month. President Syngman Rhee wanted it to be by popular vote instead of by two-thirds majority in the Assembly. When the Assembly refused, President Rhee declared martial law and used his emergency powers to arrest twelve members of the Assembly. The United Nations have registered numerous protests.



BEING CONGRATULATED BY THE MAYOR OF WORTHING, COUNCILLOR MRS. RITA SUMMERS: TOM HALIBURTON, WHO SET UP A NEW GOLF RECORD. T. B. Haliburton, the Scottish-born professional at Wentworth, made a magnificent round of 61 at Worthing on June 11 in the Spalding Professional Golf Tournament. It was the lowest round ever played in a major British tournament. On the following day he returned 65. His total of 126 was the lowest-ever total for 36 holes in British golf, and no similar score is shown in records of major American tournaments.



MR. L. G. C. RAMSEY. Appointed editor of *The Connoisseur*. Mr. Ramsey joined the staff of the paper in 1950 as assistant editor, and has been acting editor since Mr. Granville Fell's death. He was formerly Public Relations Officer to the National Trust. Commissioned in The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry in 1938, he served for three years on the General Staff, War Office.



FAREWELL TO MR. ZARUBIN: MR. EDEN (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS WITH THE RETIRING SOVIET AMBASSADOR AFTER ENTERTAINING HIM TO LUNCHEON. Mr. Zarubin, Soviet Ambassador in London since 1947, left for Russia on June 14. The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, said farewell to him on June 10 after entertaining him to luncheon. Moscow radio announced on June 13 that Mr. Zarubin will be going to Washington as Ambassador, in succession to Mr. Panyushkin, who has been appointed to Peking.



THE current exhibition of Antique Furniture and Works of Art at the galleries of Frank Partridge and Sons, with an illustrated catalogue on sale in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, is, within much narrower limits, nearly as varied as the Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House; and is consequently almost as difficult to describe. A gold snuff-box or two, some Whieldon pottery, carved Chinese coral, Chinese porcelain, mostly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Italian bronzes, a Van der Neer river landscape, English walnut and mahogany furniture, and some notable French eighteenth-century pieces, Sèvres, Meissen—in short, something of nearly everything, and thus a good place in which to browse. English eyes, accustomed to our own matter-of-fact barometers, will perhaps blink for a moment before a singularly gay example by Passemant (1702-1769), with its dials, one for a barometer, the other for a thermometer, in white enamel, and the case framed in ormolu, enriched with three Sèvres plaques painted with cupids, clouds and trophies in colours within turquoise borders—a treatment we are liable to regard with suspicion when applied to a scientific instrument—and then we recover ourselves and ask: "Why on earth not?" and look about



FIG. 1. A PARTICULARLY DESIRABLE ENGLISH PIECE: A WILLIAM AND MARY BUREAU ON A STAND.

This William and Mary Bureau on a stand has a sloping fall-front lined with red velvet, enclosing small drawers and pigeon holes decorated with broad cross banding and herringbone inlay. In common with the other objects illustrated on this page, it is on view at Frank Partridge's Gallery in the Exhibition of Antique Furniture and Works of Art whose catalogues are sold in aid of the National Playing Fields Association.

our own rooms and wonder whether we should not build an entirely new house round so pretty and lighthearted an object. And if our thoughts wander in this direction when confronted with a mere barometer, they are likely to become even more extravagant when we stand in front of a mahogany writing-cabinet which has all its doors and drawer-fronts inset with Sèvres plaques painted with baskets of flowers, or a very large Empire cabinet enriched with mirrors and painted ivory panels and gilding, with Napoleonic emblems and the Emperor's initials in the corners.

I must confess that such splendours can be exhausting, and it was with relief that I turned to two less imposing pieces which to me, no doubt perversely, were less formidable, a small writing-table and a *poudreuse* which relied solely upon beautiful flowing lines, fine woods, and a delicate inlay of flowers. Of the English furniture the little writing-desk of Fig. 1 seemed to me particularly desirable, because it avoids with uncommon grace the fault which sometimes mars such simple constructions. Too often the legs of these desks seem to have been added as an afterthought—

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A GOOD PLACE IN WHICH TO BROWSE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

they are too elaborately carved or too curved or too heavy, as if the undercarriage of a cart-horse had been placed beneath a Derby winner's chassis, whereas here the balance is near perfection. The material is walnut with neat herring-bone inlay. Here is something of extreme simplicity from the very dawn of the eighteenth century, or just before, and in Fig. 2 is a side-table which shows very well what cabinet-makers



FIG. 2. ONE OF A PAIR: A SHERATON SATINWOOD SEMI-CIRCULAR SIDE-TABLE INLAIN IN COLOURED WOODS WITH FLORAL MARQUETRY. This Sheraton satinwood semi-circular side-table is one of a pair inlaid in coloured woods with floral marquetry inlay, sun-burst motif at rear of honeysuckle border. A pair of Louis XVI. ormolu three-branch lily lights fitted in cornucopias upheld by nymphs, and one of a pair of Yung Cheng jars and covers (1723-1736) stand on it.

could produce, when they gave their minds to it, eighty or a hundred years later. This is satinwood used with the greatest possible distinction and enlivened by discreet inlay, to be compared without apology with the two inlaid French examples mentioned previously. The example shown is one of a pair of semi-circular tables and of a type which has been imitated with more or less success a thousand times since—I had two in mahogany constructed for my office not long ago, and a very nice job a local craftsman made of them; but even so, he would not claim that he had achieved quite so elegant a taper to the legs as is shown in the photograph, nor that he could have managed such delicate marquetry had it been demanded of him.

There is no doubt, I think, in spite of current opinions to the contrary, that some of the more luxurious pieces of English furniture of the 1780's, or thereabouts, are as well constructed and as well finished as any of the French examples of which they are a simplified and free translation. Of numerous chairs, here is one (Fig. 3)—walnut, with shell carving

than a dozen Acts of Parliament, was the evolution of well-designed, well-upholstered chairs, winged or otherwise, fit either for slumber or for unquarrelsome, drowsy conversation. If you find this theory difficult to accept, look about and compare with them their counterparts of the same period in France—fine things, but not nearly so restful. Perhaps that is one reason why the French were liable to dismiss us as dull dogs socially, too fond of creature comforts.

Amid all these highly sophisticated furnishings, a group of Whieldon and Ralph Wood glazed pottery figures, originally made for cottage mantelpieces, not for great houses, provides a naïve contrast (Fig. 4). One might imagine that such things, cheek by jowl with Continental and Chinese porcelain, would look incongruous—and so they should by all the rules, for the nature of the material of which they are made and the haphazard mottling of their glazes set them apart from their better-bred neighbours. Yet, partly because of their soft tones and partly owing to the vigour of their modelling, they do not in the least give the impression that they have, for once in a way, come upstairs to the drawing-room from the kitchen; they are perfectly at home among their much grander counterparts, which at least shows that the humble Staffordshire potters of the mid-eighteenth century were truly original craftsmen, understanding very well the limitations imposed by the rough nature of the clays with which they worked.

Going back to the furniture which is, after all, the main foundation of the exhibition, the Chippendale



FIG. 3. ONE OF A SET OF FOUR: A QUEEN ANNE SINGLE WALNUT CHAIR UPHOLSTERED IN MORTLAKE TAPESTRY.

This Queen Anne walnut chair, one of a set of four, mentioned by Percy Macquoid in "The Age of Walnut," is upholstered in Mortlake tapestry with a brown ground woven with flowers in natural colours.



FIG. 4. A PAIR OF WHIELDON CATS, THE BODIES COVERED IN BROWN AND BEIGE MARBLED GLAZES, AND, BETWEEN THEM, A RALPH WOOD FIGURE OF A SQUIRREL. "Amid all these highly sophisticated furnishings," writes Frank Davis of the Exhibition of Antique Furniture and Works of Art at Frank Partridge's Gallery, "a group of Whieldon and Ralph Wood glazed pottery figures . . . provides a naïve contrast."

on the knees and plain pad feet, and covered with Mortlake tapestry. There are four of them, and very fine they are and, what is more, exceedingly comfortable, for with the reign of Queen Anne we have reached an age when due consideration began to be given to the structure of the human body. Indeed, now I come to think of it, one of the minor triumphs of the early years of the eighteenth century in England, which did more to add to the happiness of mankind

tradition is represented by numerous pieces, of which I liked best a pair of card-tables (probably by no means the most imposing examples of the style) whose folding tops have their edges carved with a design of flowers and ribbons, while for those whose eyes are attracted by eccentricities, there is a small table which opens out in four triangular sections and whose stretchers meet in the centre, which is crowned, not by the usual finial, but by small, carved figures of a sheep and goat—very odd indeed. There is a large mirror in gilt wood with acanthus-leaf cresting—a double-framed construction with delicately carved flowers and scrolls, and by contrast, a walnut mirror from earlier in the century, with a broken arch pediment and a carved shell ornament in the centre whose effect depends upon the beauty of the wood itself and the simple rectangular design of its mouldings.

I have already mentioned a Van der Neer landscape; there are several other paintings, and not least among them a Hubert Robert, only 15 by 11½ ins., which is a perfect companion to the French eighteenth-century furniture, expressing charmingly the ideals of that lost civilisation—the pretence that the world is a well-mannered fairyland.

THE ACCOMPLISHED DOLPHIN OF A U.S. AQUARIUM:
FLIPPY DISPLAYING HIS REPERTOIRE OF TRICKS.



PLAYING BALL: *FLIPPY* SWIMS BACKWARDS ACROSS HIS TANK, WATCHING FOR HIS KEEPER, MR. ADOLF FROHN, TO TOSS HIM THE BALL, WHICH HE CATCHES AND RETURNS.



RAISING A FLAG BESIDE HIS TANK: *FLIPPY*, HAVING LEAPT OUT OF THE WATER, GRASPS A HANGING BALL, AND RAISES THE STANDARD AS HE FALLS BACK INTO THE TANK.



SWING HIGH, SWING LOW: *FLIPPY*, HAVING TAKEN HIS PLACE IN A CRADLE, LIES THERE QUIETLY WHILE IT IS RAISED OUT OF THE WATER AND SWUNG ROUND OVER LAND.

One of the most remarkable inhabitants of "Marineland," the well-known aquarium in Florida, U.S.A., is a Bottle-nosed Dolphin (*Tursiops truncatus*), a species which in America is known as the Common Porpoise. As recorded in our issue of March 3, 1951, experiments designed to discover the degree of intelligence and docility in these creatures have been carried out at "Marineland"; and *Flippy*, the Bottle-nosed Dolphin, has responded in a remarkable manner. We illustrated some of his accomplishments last year and here give a further selection.



FLIPPY, THE BOTTLE-NOSED DOLPHIN AND HIS KEEPER, MR. ADOLF FROHN: THE ANIMAL, WHICH HAS A LARGE REPERTOIRE OF TRICKS, COMING OUT OF THE WATER TO BE PATTED.

He has learnt to obey signals given by his keeper, Mr. Adolf Frohn—for instance, when invited to play ball, he sits half-way out of the water and swims backwards, as instructed by a flip of his keeper's wrist. When three-quarters across his tank, a rubber ball is tossed to him. He catches it and at once returns it. Naturally, as with every animal, the training has been accomplished by means of gastronomic rewards for tricks correctly carried out. *Flippy* is capable of affection, and comes out of the water to be patted by Mr. Frohn.

LINKS IN A GREAT DUTCH ARTISTIC TRADITION: FLOWER PAINTINGS OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.



AN ARRANGEMENT OF TULIPS, LOVE-IN-THE-MIST, FRITILLARIA, NARCISSI, DIANTHUS, CYCLAMEN, IRIS, ANEMONE AND ROSES IN A MOTTLED POTTERY VASE, WITH INSECTS AMONG THE FLOWERS AND ON THE MARBLE SLAB; BY JACOB DE GHEYN II. (1565-1629). PANEL. (24½ by 19½ ins.)



TULIPS, IRIS, ROSES, CARNATION, LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY, AURICULA, VIOLA, AQUILEGIA, AND SNOWDROP IN A SCULPTURED VASE. INSECTS AMONG THE FLOWERS AND ON THE STONE SLAB; BY AMBROSIUS BRUEGHEL (1617-1675). SIGNED WITH INITIALS AND DATED 1647. COPPER. (15 by 11½ ins.)

The best-known flower pictures in the world are perhaps those painted by the artists of the Netherlands in the seventeenth century, the Golden Age of the art of the Low Countries. But paintings of formally arranged blossoms of every kind, and of every season of the year, in the Dutch style, were produced in the sixteenth century and throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as well. We reproduce a number of flower paintings by artists of the Netherlands, and of other countries, some well known, others less so, from the "Exhibition of 17th-, 18th- and 19th-Century Flower Paintings" at the Galleries of M. Bernard, in Ryder Street, a show which opened this month and will continue until July 31. They are all



IRIS, TULIPS, CARNATIONS, AMERICAN COWSLIP, HYACINTHS, NARCISSI, ANEMONES, AURICULA, ROSES AND OTHER FLOWERS IN A GLASS VASE; AND A PLATE OF FRUIT; BY JOHANN B. HAELSZEL (1712-1777). SIGNED AND DATED 1771. CANVAS (37½ by 29 ins.)



RED ROSES, WHITE CAMELLIA, POPPIES, IRIS, MARIGOLDS AND HOLLYHOCK IN A GLASS VASE, WITH INSECTS AMONG THE FLOWERS; BY NICOLAS LACHTROPIUS (c. 1656-1700). SIGNED AND DATED 1677. CANVAS. (27½ by 22½ ins.)



A BASKET WITH A DELFT PLATE AND PEACHES, GRAPES AND CHERRIES, AND A GLASS VASE CONTAINING ROSE, AQUILEGIA, TULIP, IRIS, VIOLA, FORGET-ME-NOT AND FRITILLARIA, AND LYING ON THE SLAB, SHELLS, A GRASSHOPPER, RED CURRANTS, A CARNATION, CHERRIES, SNOWDROPS, A CATERPILLAR, A DRAGONFLY, A SNAIL AND PEACHES; BY BALTHAZAR VAN DER AST (c. 1590-1656.) SIGNED. PANEL. (12½ by 24½ ins.)



RED, WHITE AND YELLOW ROSES, TULIPS, OTHER FLOWERS AND EARS OF CORN IN A GLASS VASE, WITH SNAILS AND INSECTS ON THE SLAB; BY ABRAHAM MIGNON (1640-1679). SIGNED. PANEL. (17½ by 13½ ins.)



PEONY, YELLOW, PINK AND WHITE ROSES, CAMELLIA, LARKSPUR AND OTHER FLOWERS IN A GLASS VASE ON A SLAB; BY JAN ALBERTSZ ROOTIUS (c. 1615-1674). SIGNED AND DATED 1671. CANVAS. (25 by 19½ ins.)

in the classic Dutch manner, painted with great detail, the flowers arranged in a formal manner, and with insects and fruit introduced in some instances, a style whose decorative value no doubt accounts for its having been faithfully adhered to for so many hundreds of years by artists of the Netherlands and other countries.

THE CLASSIC DUTCH MANNER IN FLOWER PIECES:
SPRING, SUMMER AND AUTUMN BOUQUETS IN PAINT.



LILAC AND SUMMER FLOWERS IN A STONE VASE,
ON A SLAB SCATTERED WITH FRUIT; BY ADRIANA
VAN RAVENSWAAY (1816-1872). CANVAS.
(30½ by 25 ins.)



TRAILING PINK ROSES, CONVULVULUS, COCKS-COMB,
IRIS, VIBURNUM AND OTHER FLOWERS, WITH
INSECTS, IN A TERRACOTTA VASE; BY JAN VAN OS
(1744-1808). SIGNED. PANEL. (28½ by 22 ins.)



ROSES, NASTURTIUM, AND OTHER FLOWERS IN
A STONE VASE, WITH A SNAIL, AND FALLEN
BLOSSOM; BY L. J. NOOIJEN (c. 1820-c. 1875).
SIGNED AND DATED 1852. CANVAS. (29½ by 23½ ins.)



PEONIES, ROSE, MIMOSA, RHODODENDRONS AND
OTHER FLOWERS IN A BROWN STONE VASE; BY
M. L. PRÆTORIUS (NINETEENTH CENTURY).
SIGNED AND DATED 1818. CANVAS. (21 by 17½ ins.)



POPPIES, TULIPS, TUBEROSE AND OTHER
FLOWERS IN A WOVEN BASKET ON A MARBLE
SLAB, WITH BUTTERFLIES; BY MARIA
MARGARETHA VAN OS (1780-1862). CANVAS.
(29½ by 23½ ins.)



CROWN IMPERIAL, AND OTHER FLOWERS IN A
STONE VASE ON A SILL WITH FRUIT AGAINST
A LANDSCAPE BACKGROUND; BY LEOPOLD STOLL
(c. 1800-1869). SIGNED AND DATED 1828. CANVAS.
(28 by 22½ ins.)



PINK AND WHITE ROSES, PEONIES, AURICULA, DELPHINIUM, AND CONVULVULUS WITH OTHER FLOWERS IN A STONE VASE ON A SLAB IN A NICHE, WITH GRAPES AND OTHER FRUIT; BY FRANS XAVIER PETTER (1791-1866). SIGNED AND DATED 1819. CANVAS. (35 by 27 ins.)



PEONY, TULIP, IRIS, DOUBLE HYACINTH, ROSES AND OTHER FLOWERS IN A
TERRACOTTA VASE ON A STONE SLAB, ON WHICH LIES A BIRD'S NEST AND
EGGS, AND A VIOLA. A BUTTERFLY ALIGHTS ON THE IRIS; BY PAULUS
THEODORUS VAN BRUSSEL (1754-1795). SIGNED AND DATED 1790. PANEL.
(17½ by 14 ins.)

The British and the peoples of the Netherlands share a passionate love of gardens and an appreciation of the decorative effect of flower paintings. The Dutch style in flower pieces, which has persisted from the sixteenth century until modern times, favours a sumptuous if formal arrangement of flowers and fruit, often enlivened with the introduction of butterflies, caterpillars and flies, and even

small lizards and frogs; and at times presenting in the same bouquet the flowers associated with spring, summer and autumn, - all painted with such careful detailed realism that the effect sometimes amounts to *trompe l'œil*. In this issue we reproduce a selection of the works on view at the Exhibition of 17th-, 18th- and 19th-Century Flower Paintings at the Galleries of M. Bernard, which opened recently and will continue until July 31. Some are by well-known artists such as Jan van Os, who was a poet as well as a painter; and Paulus Theodorus van Brussel, considered one of the finest flower painters of his period, the late eighteenth century; and others are by lesser artists, who include several women painters.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no harm in forming general ideas about the way a novel should be written. In the long run, certain opinions, tastes and even prejudices must develop, on the ground of experience. But they can never have the force of dogma. They can decide nothing; it is the book that matters and decides. And how one might have judged it in the abstract is completely irrelevant.

Thus in the abstract, "Chosen Country," by John Dos Passos (John Lehmann; 15s.), would hardly be my cup of tea. It is a long book, and comparatively plotless, and profuse in tricks—moving now back and forth, now crabwise, breaking the threads of narrative at every turn, weaving in short biographies of less-than-background figures, and, as it were, concerting chaos. Of course there is a principle involved: once more, the tacit but familiar thesis that "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." Because the subject is America, it has to be a big book. And as America is something of a welter—as that is the specific theme—it is a welter of a novel. If one were acting for the prosecution, one might add with justice that it does not come off.

The author takes a lucky dip into Chicago—into the heart of chaos—and fishes out a boy and girl. Their origins and early setting are extremely different. Most of the time, their orbits are distinct. Jay Pignatelli is a rootless bastard, sprung from Italian immigrants, vagrantly reared in the hotels of Europe and America, only at home in trains. But Lulie Harrington is well embedded. She comes of English, Revolution stock; her past is homogeneous, her childhood fixed. She has grown up here by the lake, playing with a tribe of boys, sharing their dream of more-American adventure, of the trackless woods and the existence of an Indian brave. Yet all the time this ancient freedom is receding, just as the shores of Europe are receding. Jay could almost have been drawn back; during the Kaiser's War and after, he explores old ground, he is appreciative, rapt—and yet he feels like somebody in Gibbon, like the "learned Poggius" gazing on Rome in its decay. It is not here that he can build his life. As for the Tribe, they are subdued and scattered—and none of them is right for Lulie, though they all aspire to her. It would be just like marrying a brother. But when she meets the grown-up Jay, the true explorer in the real wilderness, they are immediately at one. This is what fate decreed; this is the tardy fusion of America.

Only one can't see why, or why she so abruptly chose him. But it doesn't matter. She was quite right; and Jay was luminously right. A more appealing swain, a more entrancing nymph could not be found. And the whole medley of ideas and lives, of youth and age, America and Europe, has the same charm. No matter what, if anything, it proves—it is all warm, responsive, overflowing with interest, vital at every pore.

"Time and Chance," by John Connell (Constable; 15s.), has a much slower pulse. It is an ample, elegiac story of divided loyalties and the collapse of empire. The British have been paramount in Oragoya for 200 years, and the narrator, Adam Scott, was born there. That was before the First World War—before the age of doubt, before authority had lost its nerve. The ruling few were mild and just, on the whole, and, better still, they were unchallengeable. It was a world of privilege and peace; and Adam's memories are of a golden childhood in a golden land. In 1917 his father was transferred, the home-bound liner was torpedoed, only the child survived. And after that there was an interval of nightmare. Now he has found a home in Scotland with his Uncle Wattie, and he loves that too. But always Oragoya has remained his dream. Always a glad return is in his mind; and when he gives it up for Uncle Wattie's sake and, as he thinks, for ever, it is as though his heart were broken.

But return he does, after a quarter-century of absence, in another war. Things are quite different now. This is the twilight of the rulers—or their last chance. During the truce of war, there may be time to organise a gradual freedom, and prevent a Terror. Adam has some good days, working with loyal, devoted friends under a Governor of genius. But it is all in vain. He is removed by personal intrigue; and from the distance of his Scottish home he sees a crash more ghastly, more complete, more utterly bereft of honour than his worst imaginings. The tale is rather meditative than dramatic; and the sense of place rather exceeds the human interest.

In "The Last Crevasse," by R. Frison-Roche (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), the two are indivisible. It is the story of a Chamoniex guide and a rich girl from Paris. Brigitte is spoilt and idle in her own world, but suddenly transformed in Zian's. Through him she finds a more exalted self, a gift for climbing, and a passion for the high peaks. Up there it seems both right and natural that they should love. And even down below, she has the force to stick to it and to become his wife. It is an honest choice; she means to live on Zian's earnings, in his own way. But she has never thought of it in detail. Zian, her lover, was a mountaineer; she has not reckoned on him as a peasant, on the farmhouse gloom, on the resentment of the local women. And worst of all, she has not reckoned on being left behind. A guide's wife can't go climbing with him. It is so obvious; and yet it never struck her for a moment. There is not much that one can say about this little book, with its enthralling climbs, its moving and pathetic end. It could not be more simple in conception. But it has the greatest appeal.

In "Murder by the Book," by Rex Stout (Collins; 9s. 6d.), a lawyer's clerk is the first victim. There is no clue except a list of names, which he would seem to have invented. Then Mr. Wellman, of Peoria, Ohio, comes upon the scene. His daughter Joan has been run over—but it was not an accident. She was deliberately killed; and on the last day of her life she was to meet "Baird Archer"—one of the names on the clerk's list—and give advice on his rejected novel.

There is the point. All who have read that novel have to die. But where it is and who the writer is or was, and what explosive matter it contains—these are defeating questions. Though not, of course, to Nero Wolfe and his invaluable Archie. This is a vintage Stout, with all the usual crispness and dexterity, and rather more simplicity and drive.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

MOST ivory chessmen intended for practical play fall into two broad classes, Staunton and non-Staunton, so distinctly contrasted that many have taken the former to be a new invention like (twelve centuries before) chess itself. That there was an evolution from one to the other is, however, shown by the existence of a number of "missing link" sets from about 1850 which show intermediate characters.

It is pitiful to observe the poor prices which pre-Staunton sets fetch to-day—far less than it would cost to make them. It is their instability which offends. A cylinder of heavy ivory, nearly an inch in diameter, may be poised on an inch-long stem supported only by a circular base hardly wider than the bulging belly itself. To render the whole yet more top-heavy, another couple of inches of carved stem may surmount all. A set of such men set out for play looks like New York with its skyscrapers. One careless movement may send the lot tumbling like ninepins with, as likely as not, several reaching the floor. In the days of old, people could still afford carpets, and vicar and squire could enjoy an evening's placid chess with not a noise throughout louder than the tick of a clock, not a motion more abrupt than the gesturing away of a butler.

In the animated discussions common in chess congresses to-day, however, pieces are pushed, swept and thumped in every direction; an onlooker, anxious to demonstrate some point, may seize a piece and hold it on a square with one hand, gesticulating with the other until another grabs the piece from him and, explaining why, bangs it down somewhere else. To imagine such pieces in use to-day is laughable. They are mere relics. An ivory Staunton set, *per contra*, is the average modern player's most cherished dream.

Sets made for beauty rather than use can also be split broadly into two classes: the stock Chinese and Indian types and the more varied and interesting rest.

Practically every owner of a standard Chinese or Indian set overvalues it. They are attractive, but the attraction turns to repulsion on the hundredth repetition. The market has been flooded for a century and, even though political developments have at last checked the stream, a set of such men has to be exceptionally big or fine to be worth more than a small fraction of the skill and expense that went into them. Those mandarins poised on columns, sometimes on balls-within-balls; those elephants with castles on their backs, those rows of Oriental-faced pawns—if you happen to have a set, dear reader, do not cherish too many illusions about them!

Outside these there is, of course, a collector's world of beauty. A collector's world, not a chess-player's, for it is often a mere convention that the set should contain sixteen white, sixteen coloured men, and that half of each set should be smaller than the rest. Whereas to lose one man from a real chess set is a catastrophe, dealers sometimes deliberately split up these collectors' sets and make more by selling the pieces as individual carvings. The bishop may be a jester, a rhinoceros, a ship, a Tyrolean landlord; the two sides may represent Mussolini and Selassie, Napoleon and Wellington, or what you will. I suppose it is natural for a game, played universally for fifteen centuries, to develop quaint excrescences at its edges; these carvings are to my mind mere excrescences on the game, albeit very beautiful ones.

VANISHED GRACE—AND ODDITY.

IT is when one faces books such as Sir Timothy Eden's "Durham," Vols. I. and II. in the County Books Series (Hale; 18s.), that one feels inadequate as a critic. For how to convey an adequate impression of so much erudition lightly worn, so much wit gently displayed, and so much genuine feeling for the past and love of county and country as the author lays before us? Those who have read Sir Timothy's charming little memoir of the father of the present Foreign Secretary and himself, "The Tribulations of a Baronet," will have had an inkling of what to expect. Sir William Eden was a remarkable character, even in a world on which mediocrity had not laid its deadening hand, and in that earlier book his son wonderfully catches in the compass of comparatively few pages not merely a great, if eccentric, and lovable character, but most excellently conveys the atmosphere of his *milieu* and time. The earlier book was therefore, for me, but an hors d'œuvre, an appetiser for the delightful feast which I have before me. However, the difficulty remains, as I say, of sufficiently indicating the exact quality of the book. Allowance must be made for personal views, as I find myself in entire agreement with every sentiment expressed, every judgment passed and every prejudice cherished by Sir Timothy, but perhaps I can put it best by saying that, admirable as are the other volumes in the County Books Series (and I hope that their distinguished authors will not take this amiss), by unodious comparison, these two volumes are like finding the Koh-i-Noor among a collection of paste.

The County Palatine of Durham, gloomy and depressing as the impact of the industrial revolution has made most of it to-day, has as noble a history as has any part of the British Isles. During the long centuries since Bede and St. Cuthbert, it has stood as a demi-independent realm within the kingdom, ruled by its princely bishops (who alone to-day have their mitres circled with a coronet and their arms crossed with a sword as well as a pastoral staff), a stout prop of loyalty for Church and King, and a shield for the softer southern counties against the ever-predatory Scots. The history of the County Palatine as retailed by Sir Timothy is one of (till modern times) graciousness and dignity within the framework of a constant and necessary vigilance. Not that Durham did not suffer the usual fratricidal differences of conscience accompanying the changes of religions and the changes of crown. Strange, however, as it may seem to the post-industrial revolution reader, the County Palatine was always a place where older causes died as slowly as their supporters did gallantly. Thus the old religion proved singularly hard to uproot and, indeed, only the fiasco of the rebellion of the Northern Earls and the subsequent deliberate selection of victims for execution from every district to the number of 1000 (a big figure in those days) overthrew its supremacy. The great Northern families, some of whom were great rather in loyalty and glory than in great possessions, gave their quota of martyrs and exiles and young men dead on battlement or battlefield, entrenchment or scaffold, to the causes of the Church, the Cavaliers or Jacobitism.

It is natural, perhaps, that in Volume II., with the shadows of the industrial revolution and its enrichment of a new class, its despoiling of the countryside, its creation of an under-privileged proletariat, gathering that Sir Timothy should experience a gentle melancholia. No member of a family which had played so great and so dignified a rôle in the past of the County Palatine could well take any other view. Sir Timothy is not one for suffering modern fools or follies gladly. And how right he is. When, for example, he says this about the eighteenth century: "It is a delusion, deliberately encouraged by democrats to obscure their own enormities, to presume that men have always compared the present disadvantageously with the past. No one was more certain than the Englishman of the eighteenth century that the age in which he lived had reached the high-water-mark of civilisation, and no one was more right. If we grumble to-day about the sordid ugliness of life, it is for the very good reason that life to-day is ugly and sordid. If we have any eye for beauty, or any taste for quiet; if we can enjoy the stimulating contrasts of individuality, or take pleasure in the elegance of speech and the dignity of manners; if we can admire a classical culture, or delight in the native poetry of country tales and language, of local customs and beliefs, then we can never cease to execrate a present marked with none of these distinctive graces and to deplore a vanished past which had them all."

Sir Timothy is most at home in the eighteenth century. So, too, is Mr. T. H. White, one of my favourite authors. Even without the reminder on the dust-jacket of his latest book, "The Scandalmonger" (Cape; 18s.), of my (apparently anonymous) approval of his earlier similar book, "The Age of Scandal," I should have welcomed this delightful seat in the wings of history, this lively and cultivated tiptoeing up to the keyholes of the past. Like the earlier book, it is a pleasant way of painlessly absorbing the history of a period so rich in great men and extraordinary men, eccentrics and eccentricity, grace and dignity, squalor and brutality—though where on earth Mr. White got the idea that Stowe was

then pronounced to rhyme with "plough" beats me.

Mr. C. F. J. Hankinson, the editor of "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionship" (Odham's; 47 7s.), has an excellent sense of showmanship. In each volume, that otherwise might be a slightly dull "snobs' Bible," he contrives to produce matters of considerable general interest. Thus, the new volume contains such curiosities as that Princess Margaret's childhood chameleon obligingly changed to the familiar red of "Debrett's" cover when placed on it; that the expression "blue blood" comes from the Moor-untainted veins of the Visigothic grandees of Spain, which were more readily visible than those of Spaniards who had intermarried with the Moors; that Lord Willoughby de Eresby was summoned to sit in the Upper House while his father, Lord Ancaster, was still living; and that the oldest peer is now Lord Dunraven, at ninety-five. "Debrett's" also contains a "newsy" warning to adopted children that they must not expect to inherit titles.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE GRANDSTAND ON THE FAMOUS HIALEAH RACECOURSE, IN FLORIDA: FLAMINGOS AMONG THEIR MUD NESTS ON THEIR ISLAND IN THE LAKE, WHICH IS ENCIRCLED BY THE RACETRACK. SEVERAL EGGS, READY TO HATCH, CAN BE SEEN ON THE MUD PILES.



ABOUT TO EMERGE FROM THE EGG: A HATCHING CHICK WHOSE BEAK CAN JUST BE SEEN POKING THROUGH THE FIRST HOLE IN THE SHELL.



IN THE WATER FOR THE FIRST TIME: A FLUFFY FLAMINGO CHICK (CENTRE) IS WATCHED BY THE ADULT BIRDS, WHO TOWER ABOVE IT ON THEIR LONG, RED LEGS.

HATCHING TIME—FROM EGG TO CHICK—ON A RACECOURSE: SCENES ON FLAMINGO ISLAND INSIDE FLORIDA'S HIALEAH TRACK.

Hialeah, Florida's famous racecourse, encircles a lake, in which there is a flamingo-haunted island. This year has proved a particularly good breeding season there, and we publish some photographs which were taken, not without difficulty, on the island. Very few photographers are allowed there at the nesting season, as the birds are easily frightened and likely to destroy their eggs rather than risk their falling prey to an intruder. The number of eggs in a clutch is normally one,

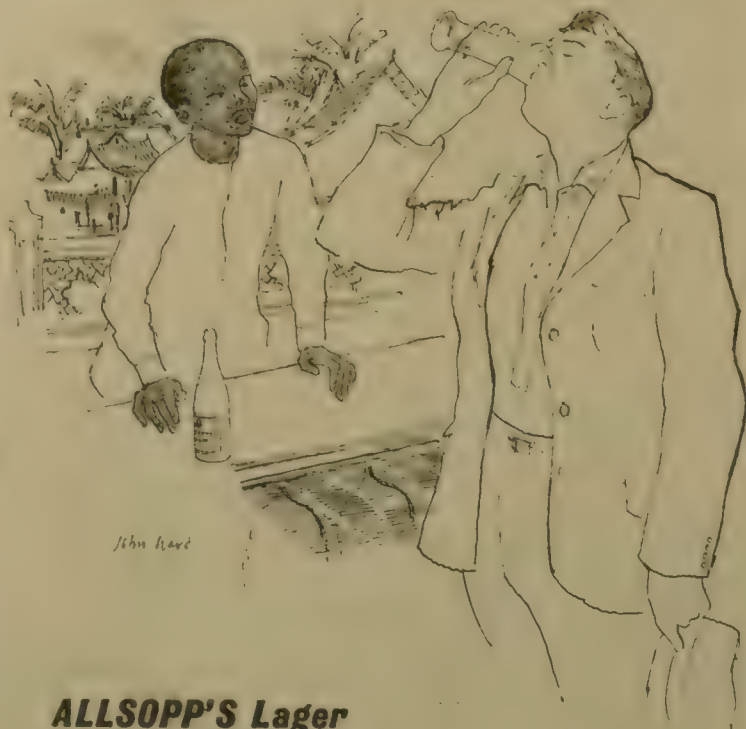
less frequently two, and the incubation period is one month, both the sexes incubating. At the hatch the egg is deliberately moved until the opening for the emerging chick is uppermost. At birth the chick is covered in a grey-brown down, and the legs for some four days after hatching, are a glistening saffron. For the first fortnight the parent feeds the chick by regurgitation, then the young feed like their parents, although their beaks are not yet bent.

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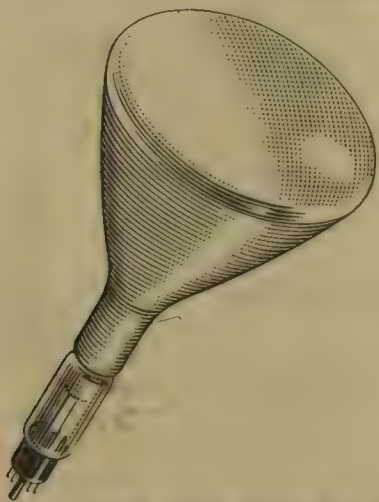
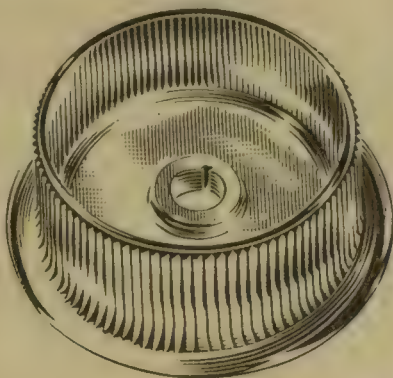


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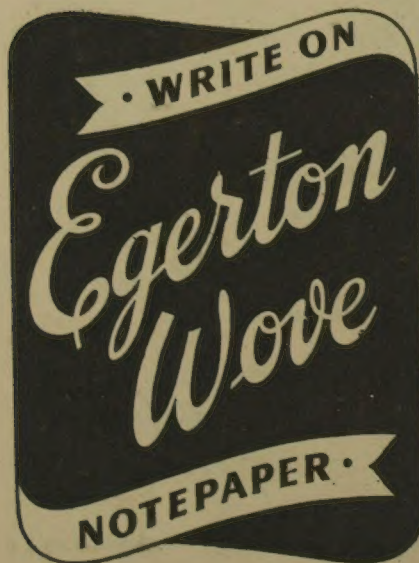
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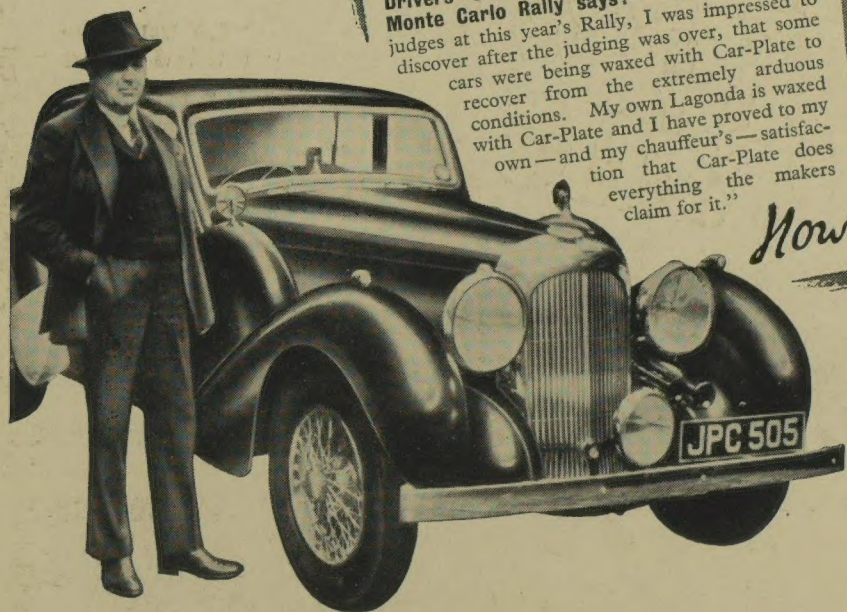
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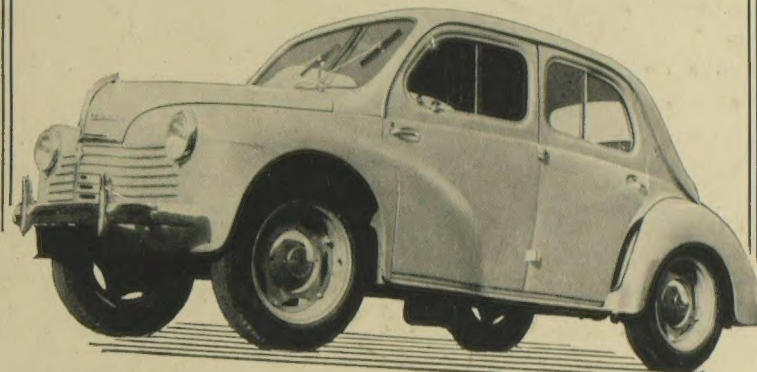
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